

NEW

Court-Songs,

AND

POEMS.

By R. V. Gent.



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Paske at the Stationers Arms
and Ink-Bottle in Lombard-street, and W. Cademan
in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.

1 6 7 2.





T O

My most Ingenious Friend,

M^r T. D.

Kind Sir,

I Have often observ'd how ineffectually (almost) all Books are Dedicated to Persons of Great Quality, who commonly think it as much beneath their *State* to concern themselves in such Trifles, as 'tis above
A 3 their

The Epistle Dedicatory.

their *Power* to shield them from the Censure of a Critical World: In-
somuch that the *Disappointed Au-
thor*, instead of *Thanks* for his *Pre-
sent*, hardly finds *Pardon* for his
Boldness, unless his *Patron* be more
than usually *Candid*. This is a
Risque, which (I confess) neither
my Intimacy of Acquaintance with
any of the Nobility gave me the
Opportunity of running; nor (to
say truth) did my own Inclinations
ever tempt me to it. For I no soon-
er Resolv'd on Publishing these
SONGS and POEMS, but
Grateful Justice prompted me to lay
them at his Feet to whom a *good
part* of them owe their *Birth*; and
Common

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Common Policy bade me shelter them under a *Name* so *Authentick* with all that *do know* you, and so *admired* by those that *do not*.

Not that I imagine that all Men must presently understand who is signified by *T. D.* or that those who can guess at your *Name*, are yet obliged the Happiness of an Acquaintance with your *Person*; or, lastly, that who know *Both*, are (under that *Notion*) compelled to approve of every thing which comes masqu'd under so *specious a Frontispiece*: But of this Advantage I am secured, (*viz.*) That all who have but so much as heard of you, will put the greater Esteem upon

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any thing where you have a Concern.

This possibly may come too near the Style of those *Parasites*, who in *Epistles* of this nature commonly force *Truth* and *Reality* to subscribe to *Interest*; and indeed, the same thing said to most Men, would appear to be *despicable Flattery*: But in you, the abundance of Merit will soon evidence for me, That I do not *dissemble*.

But, while I design a *Dedication*, and a Return of my *Thanks*, I must not persist in a Style so *ingrate*, as (I know) this is, to a Man of your Temper. All that I now beg of you is, That you will be pleased to
excuse

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excuse those Errors which (I fear) may be committed, either in Transcribing, or Printing those things of yours, which (I am assured) otherwise can have no fault: And to pardon me, that I expose to the World in Publick, what you wrote for your Private Divertisement, and in a Particular Concern. This, I confess, is a Business of that nature, that I ought rather to have asked your Consent that I might do it, than your Pardon that I have. However, I have thus much to say for my self, That, if this be an Injury, I am sure 'tis a less than has been done you by one who has Printed some of your
more

The Epistle Dedicatory.

more *Indifferent Poems* (if any of yours can be call'd so) surreptitiously, falsely, and imperfectly. And when you entrusted me with your Papers, though you were pleased to represent them to me under the Notion of *Toys*; yet when I had perus'd, I fancied a great deal of real *Lustre* in them: Which Suggestion being Confirmed by the Opinion of several *Artists*, I adventured the Displeasure of *One Friend*, under the assurance of Obliging *Many*. Not but that I value your Friendship above all others; but to let you see how great a Confidence I have in your Goodness, which (I dare hope) will

The Epistle Dedicatory.

will comply with things contrary
to your Humour, when they are
so conducing to the Credit and
Advantage of,

Dear Sir,

Your Constant Friend, and

Faithful Servant,

R. V,

. T O

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
BY JOHN STOW
1597

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TO THE
READER.

Reader,

THE Business of Epistles of
this Nature is commonly either
to make an Excuse for Wri-
ting, or to beg Pardon for what is
Written: But the former is usually done
so ridiculously, and the latter so ineffe-
ctually, that I have resolved to do nei-
ther: For though I now lye at the Lash
of

To the Reader.

of every Mans Tongue, yet I have reserv'd to my self the Privilege of slighting the severest Censure that can be given. I shall not anticipate thy Hopes, by telling thee a Word of what thou wilt find ; but if there be any thing that pleases thee, I am very glad ; if not, I am very well contented.

TO

TO MR. T. D. ON HIS Ingenious
SONGS and POEMS.

HOW many Best of Poets have we known?
And yet how far those Best have been out-done!
When Chaucer dy'd, Men of that Age decreed
A Dismal Fate to all that shou'd succeed:
Yet when Great Ben, and Mighty Shakespear wrote,
We were convinc'd those Elder Times did dote.
After all These, our Juster Age allows
Laurels as Green, to as deserving Brows.
But no Man's Muse yet ever equall'd thine,
Who seem'st to have One, greater than the Nine:
And do'st with such a pow'rful Fancy write,
As puts a baffle to the Parasite;
Teaching the fond Dissembler, that he must
Content himself in being less than Just.
Hence, Flatt'rer, hence! When True Desert is such,
Who speaks thy Praise, can never speak too much.
Yet let no Rival study to set forth,
With his unhallow'd Quill, thy Sacred Worth;

W. J. H.

Lest with a subtle and unjust pretence
Of adding to thy Wit, he borrow thence.
I come, but like a Rivulet, to be
A Tribute to thy vast and boundless Sea.
Yet, ev'n in Duty, I commit a Fault;
For what I pay in Drops, I take in Salt.
Pardon my Theft! Since while thy endless Store
Enriches me, it self can ne're grow poor:
Thou art the true Prometheus, that inspires
My Mass of Clay with thy Poetick Fires.
Betwixt you there's this difference alone;
He stole from Heav'n; what thou hast of thy own.

SONGS

(1)



SONGS AND POEMS.

The PETITION.

Read this, before you burn it; 'tis the last,
And onely intercedes for what has past:
The hated Cause of Love this does not plead,
This will not dye your Cheeks in scornful Red,
Those Marks of Discontent, which did express
Your high Resentment, and my ill Success;
That secret Language darted from your Eyes,
Which seem'd to menace, pity, and despise,

B

Rais'd

Rais'd Mutinies of Thoughts within my Breast,
 Charg'd me the Rash disturber of your Rest :
 My guilty Soul, Witness all Knowing Pow'rs,
 Suffer'd a real Grief, in that of yours :
 Ten thousand times I curs'd that senseless Quill
 Whose ready Characters obey'd my Will.

Heavens ! What Influence directs my Fate,
 That where I pay most Love, I find most hate !
 A Love so hopeless, yet so constant too,
 Was never known, as that of mine to you.
 So passionate !—————

No more of this, lest that presumptuous sin,
 I mean to punish, I repeat agen.
 So well I'll guard my wandring Eyes, they ne're
 Shall see that Beauty more, which made 'em erre.
 Onely one Favor let my Love obtain,
 This may a Secret to the World remain.
 My Heart was ne'r enslav'd by ought, but you,
 The fairest Picture Nature ever drew.
 In your severe Contempt, you nothing do,
 But what strict Honour does oblige you to.

You are the first, you are the last I love ;
 The Service you re'ect, I'll place above :
 There Fortune has no Throne, nor Purple birth,
 Those splendid Nothings, courted so on Earth.

May that blest *Heroe*, whose kind Stars design
 T'enrich him with a Blessing so Divine,

Want

Want no Accomplishment, no Noble Part,
To speak him worthy your unvalu'd Heart !
May he, to make his Merit brighter shine,
Adore you with a Passion great as mine !

Now I have done : Onely my first Request,
Let my Misfortune die within your Breast ;
Permit my guilty Soul to expiate
In Flames, those Faults Loves Fire did create.
No Muse, but Love, inspir'd my empty Brain ;
Now that's refus'd, I'll ne're write Verse again.
Since too much Love has been my greatest Crime,
Pity my Fault, and leave the rest to Time.

Thus my divided Heart with Fate complies :
Despair must freely give what Love denies.

Loves Energy.

THe Beams of Lovers speaking Eyes
Such strange mysterious Powers dart,
They make their Objects Sympathize,
And feel those Flames that fire the Heart.
If this were true, as Reason seems to prove,
You cannot be insensible of Love.

Fire's active Element ascends ;
Love's Passion is defin'd a Flame :

If then my Heart too high pretends,
 Ambition does its Truth proclaim.
 Love sometimes bows, though flames still upward move :
 So heav'nly *Cynthia* did *Endymion* love.

Love does of Life, and Death dispose,
 Commands as Chief in Court, and Field :
 Then how can I a Prince oppose,
 To whom the greatest Kings do yield ?
 Disparity is lost in Lovers Smiles,
 And *Cupid* equals those he reconciles.

The Morning Address.

FAirest *Clariza*, when you read
 This rudeness of my Morning-Muse,
 My Pardon let my Passion plead ;
 But how can Guilt a Crime excuse ?
 Then to your Goodness onely I appeal ;
 The Wounds your Justice makes, let Pity heal.

I court Occasion, but in vain,
 My restless Passion to relate,
 From your entrancing Lips to gain
 The knowledge of my doubtful Fate :
 You are my sacred Oracle, from whom
 The Sentence of my Life, or Death must come.
Prophetick

Prophetick Influence of Stars

Henceforth I will no longer prize,
Nor search the Fate of Peace or Wars,
But in your more resplendant Eyes :
If you but smile, Fate cannot cast me down ;
So highest Joys will vanish when you frown.

Nature wants Language to impart

The real Paradise of Bliss,
With which your Smiles possess my Heart ;
If there be Heav'n on Earth, 'tis this.
If I had all Man's boundless Wish wou'd have,
I'd flight whole Empires to become your Slave.

How tedious six short Suns appear,

Which veil your Beauty from my sight ?
Each flying Minute seems a Year,
An Age is shorter than a Night :
But when dull Time the long-wish'd Day has brought,
The treach'rous Hours out-fly the swiftest Thought.

Impatience ne'er reveal'd my Love

To silent Streams, or whisp'ring Air ;
I trust no melancholy Grove
With Echo's of my sad Despair :
Friendship, and Duty lose their Int'rest here ;
To none—but you, my Passion shall appear.

All Humane Actions must obey
 The sure Decrees of pow'rful Fate;
 From their Prescriptions none can stray,
 Nor of themselves or love or hate:
 We must, or must not, 'tis design'd above;
 Perhaps my Fate must be to die for Love.

Loves Apostate.

IN vain the Surgeon does apply
 Soft Balsom to a punctur'd Heart;
Narcoticks can but stupifie,
 Not heal the disaffected Part.
 Diseases, when deadly, admit of no Cure;
 This *Apollo* confutes,
 Makes his College all *Mutes*,
What cannot be help'd, we must fairly endure.

Then damn these Sighs, and this Despair,
 These empty Wishes, clogg'd with care:
 What though *Clariza* be more fair?
Daphne's as good, and kinder far.
 Beauty's but Fancy, and Flowers disclose
 What in vain we may seek
 In a Lip or a Cheek;
 If Colours surprize me, I'll court 'em in those.

More

More than twelve tedious Months, my Heart
 Has been with hopeless Flame possess'd ;
Clariza's scorn, nor Time, nor Art,
 Can drive this Passion from my Breast :
 My Chronick Disease is incurable grown ;
 Then be cruel or kind,
 I'll no more be confin'd,
 Nor sigh, like a Slave, since I must be undone.

So have I known a flying Deer,
 Closely by Enemies pursu'd,
 By Foes without, within by Fear,
 Trace all the Windings of the Wood :
 But at length, when unable the Course to maintain,
 He does stoutly oppose
 His Victorious Foes,
 And hastens the Fate; which he fled from in vain.
Clariza this Favour may safely return,
 To hate me for ever, or equally burn.

Imperfect Gratitude.

Such Gratitude as Mortals send,
 When Heaven has appear'd their Friend,
 Who, for each airy Thank they pay,
 A Series of Blessings pray,

Entreating most, where most is due ;
Such does *Philander* send to you.

From you my grateful Heart receives
Those Smiles which fair *Clariza* gives ;
And what she never wou'd bestow,
To your perswasive force I owe :
I, in that ravish'd Favour, see
My Happiness, and Misery.

*Dissatisfaction from the Variety of his
Mistress's Humors.*

What does the Fair *Clariza* mean
To Tantalize her Servant so ?
She frowns, and sweetly smiles agen ;
Whence these alternate Fancies flow,
I long to know.

Though they for trivial causes are,
Each Glance to me's a several Fate ;
My Heart's the Ship, her Eye the Star ;
The Port it Sails to, Love, or Hate,
Which on her wait.

When

When sad *Aurora's* clouded Dress
 Seems to portend a Stormy Day,
 The dying Flow'rs their Heads depress,
 But take new Life from *Sol's* bright Ray,
 I fare like they.

Though Love has made me Reason's Foe,
 Some weak Reflections still remain,
 Which her deriding scorn do show,
 By which my Faults, and her Disdain
 I see too plain.

Yet let her know, that still I love;
 If that's presumptuous, I adore:
 But if my Fate uncertain prove,
 And she mysterious, as before,
 I'll love no more.

To all, but that Divineſt She,
 My Flame ſhall ever be unknown:
 If juſt Contempt my Purchaſe be,
 My ill Succeſs I'll never own
 To more than one.

Neither Favour, nor Force, nor Fear, nor Delight,
 Shall make me diſcover, if ſhe will but write.

Ubiquity of Love.

THe trembling Deer, whose tender side
 Is pierc'd by an unhappy Dart,
 In vain does in a Thicket hide,
 Which no *Dyctamnium* can impart;
 In vain he flies through pathless Groves,
 Plunges through deepest Streams in vain,
 Though from his Murd'rer he removes,
 He's still pursu'd by restless pain:
 Bleeding, and breathless, tir'd by flight,
 He falls, where none his Death deplore;
 One buries him in lasting Night,
 Myriads of Wounds cou'd do no more.
 Love's Shaft once fix'd, there's no remove,
 Though we confine our longing sight,
 Each cruel Thought will whisper Love,
 And make it stronger by our flight.
 So Sacred Fire, on Altars laid,
 Whose chearful Flames to Heaven aspire,
 When by opposing Winds o'relaid,
 New vigour takes, and blazes higher.
 Then fair *Clariza*, empty all
 Your Quivers of their pow'rful Store;
 One single Smile procur'd my Fall,
 And all your Frowns can do no more.

This, by experience, I have learn'd to prove,
No Folly's greater than despised Love.

In Praise of his Mistress.

TO lay Vermilion on the blushing Rose,
 Or add a Whiteness to the new-fal'n Snows;
 To tell the World, when *Phæbus* gilds the Sky,
 His Beams transcend the Nights Obscurity,
 Expresseth more Impertinence, than Wit:
 In praising you, I shou'd the like commit.
 Nature in you stores all that Mortals prize,
Cupid confirms his Kingdom by your Eyes;
 One Ray, which those resistless Stars create,
 Makes you the rash Beholder's certain Fate:
 Pleasure attends on those your Favours crown,
 And Desperation waits upon your Frown.
 Reason informs me, Beauty, so Divine,
 Accepts not any Vow, so low as mine:
 But Passion, reforc'd by farther View,
 Leaves me no pow'r to think of ought, but you.
 Excuse, I cannot, what I can't repent;
 My sawcy Guilt, and heavy Punishment,
 Are both deriv'd from you; your charming Eye
 Did cause my Love, that caus'd my Misery.
 A thousand times did Reason make me swear,
 My Eyes shou'd fly the Place wherein you were:

Suchi

Such Vows are writ in Sand; Propitious *Jove*
 Accuseth none for Perjuries in Love.
 Kill me, or cure me, use me how you will,
 Even in death I will adore you still.
 Love never threw a more unequal Dart,
 Leaving no Hope to prop my sinking Heart;
 Though if you hear with scorns my last Complaint,
 How justly will Men style you *Faithless Saint*?
 I die the first, who most Obedience show:
 So the best Men the worst Afflictions know.

The Recantation.

ALl Vows do their obliging vertue lose,
 Which are extorted by prevailing Foes.
 When rashly I resolv'd, my Eyes, nor Pen,
 Should never see you more, nor write again,
 Hopeless Despair was so imperious grown,
 What it propos'd, my heart was forc'd to own:
 Those threat'ning Storms your clouded Brow did wear,
 Surpriz'd my Soul, and made it yield to Fear:
 That daring Foe, assisted by your Frown,
 Compell'd my hasty Vow, so made it none.
 He is not guilty of the Breach of Vow,
 Who to a juster Pow'r does freely bow:
 Yet had my blind Resolve been freely true,
 Who would not slight a thousand such for you?

If Beauty, veil'd in Clouds, so Tyranize,
 Who can oppos't, when Smiles adorn your Eyes!
 Such looks wou'd charm a wither'd Anchorite,
 And make abstemious Cynicks court Delight.

Heavn's Lights can warm but the exterior Part;
 But your transpiercing Eye inflames the Heart.
 Why are such daz'ling Beams of Favour sent
 To me? Is't for Delight or Penance meant?
 If (like a cruel Judge) in Smiles you'l kill,
 I'll always sin, to be so punish'd still.
 Who wou'd not be the happy Sacrifice,
 Whose ravish'd Soul in such sweet Torment dies?
 Like that blest *Heroe*, whose Victorious Powers
 Met Death in Triumph, smother'd up with Flowers.
 Those Heaven has to Misery design'd,
 To know Fates worst Effects, some Comfort find.
 In doubtful Mists let me no longer dwell;
 Next Conquerors, he's prais'd that bravely fell.
 Your Sentence let no seeming Pity stay,
 You kill me, every minute, by delay.

The busie World is so censorious grown,
 Your Name would suffer, were my Passion known:
 Else, humbly at your Feet I'd sought before,
 What, by this ruder Proxy, I implore.
 Let your Commands be, in a Line, exprest,
 No Closet shall contain it, but my Breast:
 Onely to know your Will, is all I crave;
 Princes vouchsafe such Honour to a Slave.

Though

Though the Contents do ne're so fatal prove,
My strict Obédience shall evince my Love.

I did so resolutely Vow, no more
To see that Excellence, which I adore ;
Not that my Passion ceas'd, or can grow less,
Though persecuted by the worst Success.

The restless Sun's inconstant in his Light,
And swiftly flies from the pursuing Night :
Cynthia, more faithless, does no sooner gain
Her borrow'd Splendor, but she's in her Wane :
No Being in the Course of Nature knows
A Fixed State, but ebbs, as fast as flows :
Onely my Love admits no change, its heat
Will ever be as permanent, as great.
Things, that from little, to perfection grow,
Haste to decay : My Passion is not so ;
It ne're knew an Increase, that very Hour
Which saw its Birth, admir'd its perfect Pow'r :
Witness my last Attempt, when having weigh'd
Each flatt'ring Hope, and e'ry Fear survey'd ;
Having explain'd to my despairing Heart
Your nobler Fortune, and your high Desert ;
Then, adding your Contempt, my Reason found,
The way to cure, was to neglect my Wound.
Divine, and Moral Reason both confess,
What my more common Fancy did suggest.

But when the fatal time of Tryal came,
To be all fir'd, and yet conceal the Flame ;

When

When my grown Passion was enjoyn'd the Curse,
 To slight its Mother, and disown its Nurse;
 When in your Presence, (that *Elizium*!)
 I was commanded to be blind, and dumb,
 My Sense I forc'd, but never cou'd subdue
 My busie Thoughts; they knew no Theme but you.
 You are the onely Book my Fancy reads;
 I by your Beauties pray, instead of Beads.
 You saw what I perform'd in this Contest;
 But what I suffer'd, cannot be exprest:
 The Torment of my Soul none can depaint;
 My Passion grew more pow'rful, by Restraint.

So when the Sun's attractive Vertues crowd
 Hot Exhalations in a humid Cloud,
 The active Element, oppos'd, grows high,
 And rends a Passage through the yielding Sky.
 When Reason had to Love due Homage paid,
 How eagerly my longing Eyes obey'd!

But Gods! what Pen, what Rhet'rique can explain
 The joyful Tidings they return'd again!

Content in a Middle State.

THose great Prerogatives of Blood,
 Of which proud Hearts so vainly boast,
 Was not their Merit, nor their Cost:
 If mix'd but in a common Flood,
 How soon is all their Glory lost!

E're

E're they had knowledge how to chuse,
 Or to distinguish bad from good,
 To know cold Poyson from their Food,
 'Twas theirs: Had they been born of *Jews*,
 They had no difference understood.

Nor does this groveling Age respect
 A Noble Birth, so much as Gold;
 Honour and Love for Dirt are sold.
 What sordid Souls their Thoughts direct,
 Who Riches for their Vertues hold!

Who all their Worth in Wealth do place,
 Are poorer than the dirty Mines,
 Whose Soul with deathless Vertue shines,
 Has Beauties, Fate can ne're deface,
 Nor Policy, nor cross Designs.

Content's my Empire; and my Will
 (While Vertue leads it) is my Crown.
 Though I was born nor Prince, nor Clown,
 Who have their Wish are happy still,
 And plac'd above blind Chances Frown.
 Riches shall ne're my Fancy bend
 To chuse a Mistress, or a Friend.

DIALOGUE.

*Philander.**Echo.*

Phil. Stay, gentle *Echo*; dear Nymph, stay:
 With Love's sad Language thou canst play,
 The last of my Discourse retort:
 Love, once thy Grief, is now thy Sport.

Ech. Thy Sport.

Ph. My Sport, fair Nymph? No, 'tis my Pain,
 To love, and not find Love again.

Ech. Love again.

Ph. Cruel! thus to encrease my Care:
 Is Love a Cordial for Despair?

Ech. Or despair.

Ph. Love or despair! What dost thou mean?
 Wou'dst have me suffer both agen?

Ech. Both agen.

Ph. And what Reward shall I e're find?
 Will fair———be still unkind?

Ech. Still unkind.

Ph. When Passion strains his Voice most high,
 Will she (like thee) further fly?

Ech. Further fly.

C

Ph. Shall

Ph. Shall I, in vain, my Sighs repeat,
 Since *Cupid's* grown so great a Cheat ?
 Tell me, dear *Echo*, how I may
 Chase this intruding Guest away,
 And break that Bow, whose Bow'r, most strange,
 Thy Substance to a Voice did change.

Ech. Change.

Ph. Ah no ! my Fate I cannot fly ;
 'Tis harder far to change, than die.

Ech. Then die.

Ph. Ah ! what does this *Echo* say ? Die ?

Ech. Aye, die.

Ph. Is this the Counsel I implore ?
 Hence bubling Air, I will no more.

Ech. Ill no more.

Ph. Be ill no more ? That I believe ;
 He can't be ill, that does not live.
 When *Titan's* weary Car once more
 Has trac't the spacious Heavens o're,
 Near to this happy Fountain set,
 I'll call thee with my Flajolet ;
 Fail not to haste, and know my Will.

Ech. I will.

*To his Mistress, being commanded not to
Visit her.*

NEver to see you more !—And must I be
Encircled with the Sun, yet nothing see ?
Like *Tantalus*, seem an Invited Guest,
And pine in presence of a Royal Feast ?

How wise in Cruelty are Love and Fate,
To make me seek what Place ! most shou'd hate ?
To court swift Misery, bid Death make haste,
And beg Misfortunes, when they fall so fast ?
Such was the Wish rash *Midas* did invent,
When he obtain'd his Golden Punishment.
So Usurers, amidst their Wealth, are poor,
Possess too much, and die for want of more.
Who would that cruel Privilege entreat,
To sit by Fire, and faint for want of Heat ?

The Shipwreck'd Merchant flies that dismal Coast
Where all his Treasure was, by Tempest, lost.
No gen'rous Soul has pleasure to abide
Where he was ruin'd, or his Friend has di'd.

In often seeing you, I found delight ;
Though, by your Justice, I'm depriv'd of Sight,
Yet I am plac'd by Love, and Fortune too,
Where I can never think of ought, but you.

It was my Wish ; nor will I e're repent,
 Though it redoubles o're my punishment :
 So, on the Wrack, a little Respite gains
 More Strength, to suffer yet more cruel Pains.
 Then can you not confine my Thoughts, and bind
 The sad Reflexions of my restless Mind ?
 Fool that I was ! If I had never Writ,
 This Blessing had been in my power yet.
 The search of Knowledge thus becomes a Vice,
 So our first Parents lost their Paradise.
 Well ! Since I must—I will—

Leave me, impatient Thoughts ; and thou fond Love,
 Remove thy Throne, thy hated Fire remove :
 Go fix thy Arrows in some happy Breast ;
 I've serv'd thee long, *Old Servants merit Rest.*

Why am I troubled thus ? Why shou'd I be
 Surpriz'd with Miseries I did foresee ?
 Resembling dying Men, we all are sure
 That fatal Moment we must once endure ;
 That 'tis the narrow Path to endless Bliss,
 No other way to real Peace, but this :
 And yet it makes the most prepared Heart
 Sigh, when he's forc'd to act this Tragick Part.
 But fainting Patients, that intend to live,
 Must take those Potions Wise Physicians give.
 Then down, rebellious Thoughts ; let it appear
 Misfortune's welcom, since it comes from her.

The INVOCATION.

Imperious Love, Great Emperor of Hearts,
 If all must yield to thy commanding Darts,
 Mix Justice with thy Tyranny, let her
 Share in the Grievs she wou'd to me transfer :
 Go wound her with a Shaft whose Golden Head
 Creates Love's Flames ; or chuse one arm'd with Lead,
 And from the Center of my careful Breast
 Expel this pleasant, tyrannizing Guest.

If Gods cannot repeal what they have done,
 Yet maist thou conquer both, as well as one :
 Thy Pow'r would shine in our united Flame ;
 But easie Victories eclipse thy Fame ;
 Such is thy Conquest here ; Who wou'd not yield,
 When her Divine Perfections take the Field ?
 Wou'd fair *Clariza* lend her Eyes to me,
 I'de make my self a greater God than thee :

Thy Conquest is deriv'd from her bright Eyes ;
 Thou art the Priest, but her's the Sacrifice.

The MOUNT.

TELL me no more of Shady Groves,
 Or of the fair *Elysian* Fields,
 Where Pleasure waits on constant Loves,
 With all the Sweets Fruition yields.

Name not the Muses sacred Hill,
 Nor famous *Tempe*, *Flora's* Pride ;
 Let purling Streams their Sources fill,
 And Springs in late-left Fountains hide.

Speak not of the Inspiring Vine,
 More prais'd than the *Castalian* Well :
 This Grassie Mount does far out-shine
 What this, or pristine Ages tell.

The Monarch's Presence makes the Court :
 When my *Cleriza's* seated here,
 A Paradise of this is short ;
 For all Perfections dwell in her.

The P L E A.

Suspend your just Resentments, while you read,
 The greatest Criminal for Life may plead :
 When that anothers Faults had rais'd your Fear,
 And made my Crimes their blackest Colours wear,
 Though you proscrib'd my wandring Eyes, my Quill
 Retain'd the Liberty to see you still.

Then give me leave to make this last Defence,
 And to assert my late-got Innocence.

Free Acts of Grace do Criminals restore
 To all their Crimes had forfeited before.

Thus you repeal'd your heavy Sentence past,
 And blot what my Despair indicted last.

Before *Philander* was, those Lines were writ,
 In pard'ning all his Faults, you that remit :

Let him not fall for Faults perform'd by me ;
 Since y' are so fair, unjust you cannot be.

Your Pardon I receiv'd with more content
 Than Exiles are Repeal'd from Banishment ;

A Grace I never hop'd, so never sought,
 Above my Merit, and my vaineft Thought.

Millions of busie Thoughts inform'd my Breast,
 Striving in grateful Language to be dress'd ;

But while the Crowd at once would Passage find,
 And all be first exprest, th' are all confin'd.

Weak Passions loud, as shallow Streams, are found ;
But deepest Rivers pass without a sound.

Those Beams of Beauty plac'd in Gems, and Flowers,
Are *Simile's* too weak to Blazon yours :

Your Pow'r and Form resembles Heav'n ; your Breath
Condemns, or frees from Penance, worse than Death.

Since Heav'n's resemblance shines so fair in you,
What conquers that, shou'd gain *Clariza* too :

But constant Love, and Zeal, which Heaven wins,
Makes all my Guilt, and all *Philander's* Sins.

Mysterious Destiny ! which seems t' imply
Love is inspir'd by its Antipathy.

Now I may see, and silently adore,
Whate're my Wishes are, I'll ask no more :
And when you think (if you have any Thoughts
That stoop so low) on sad *Philander's* Faults,
Remember, 'tis impossible to see

Such Charms as yours, and not offend like me.
For which I pay most Sighs, 'tis hard to prove,
Your just Displeasure, or my hopeless Love.
Think, fair *Clariza*, if you ought to hate
Flames so respective, and so passionate.

My Heart inspires my Pen, when it assures,
Though scorn'd for ever, it must still be yours.

EXPOSTULATION.

CAn so much Sweetness, such exterior Parts,
 Whose lovely Presence charms all Eyes & Hearts,
 Be less accomplish'd in that Nobler Dress
 Which sums the Total of our Happiness?
 The rare Adornments of a Worthy Mind?
 Can I no Mercy in this Beauty find?
 Are there no Jewels in so bright a Case?
 How long has Nature wore a double Face?
 And (like the rest of the dissembling Earth)
 Disguis'd Destruction in the shape of Mirth?
 Expos'd a glorious Form, to take our Eyes,
 And fram'd the Heart so prone to Tyrannize?
 It cannot be: Her Noble Vertues shine
 More than her Beauty; for they are Divine.
 'Tis not her want of Goodness, but excess,
 Encrease my Crimes, and makes her pity less.
 Yet greater Faults are acted, and forgiven
 By the Exemplar of our Lives; Just Heaven!
 Then let the fair *Clariza* imitate,
 Restore her Smiles, and change my lowring Fate.
 Here I forswear the Muses, and declare,
 I ne're got ought by them, but Loss, and Care.

My

My Pen is fix'd, and my misguided Hand
 Shall ne're write Verse, unless by your Command,
 If this be not enough, pronounce my Fate;
 I must not live, if you persist to hate.

A PRAYER to to the MUSES.

YE thrice three Sisters, lend your Aid,
 Forsake a while your happy Springs,
 Mount *Pegasus*, or fair *Aurora's* Wings.
 Who Inspirations never pray'd,
 Submits to that which triumphs over Kings,

Not yet awake? Ye sacred Nine,
 That taught the happy *Thracian* Lyre
 To make deaf Stones, and senseless Trees admire,
 Assist my worthier Design:
Orpheus a Wife, a Mistress I desire.

Not hear me yet? Then *Cupid* will:
 To summon him I need no Art,
 He dwells already in my flaming Heart.
 Thou thine own Arrow once didst feel,
 When *Psyche's* fairer Eyes threw back thy Dart.

Assist me, since thou know'st my pain :
 But thou wilt Rival me, I fear,
 Such Charms in her resistless Eyes appear,
 Such Power does each Glance retain,
Psyche looks pale, if but compar'd to her.

Within each circ'ling Letter hide,
 Closely endeavor a Surprise ;
 The crafty *Parthia* conquers, when he flies.
 When thy Advantage is espied,
 First seize her Heart, and then command her Eyes.

Then gently whisper my Desires,
 All causeless Jealousies remove,
 Assert my Constancy, and matchless Love :
 When we are scorch'd with equal Fires,
 In our high Flames, thy Pow'r will brighter prove.
 To gain the Vict'ry, use thy greatest Art,
 Say, *He that sent these Lines, presents his Heart.*

S O N G.

A Way with this Legal Fruition,
 The Penance of Phlegmatick Love,
 Devis'd by some old Politician,
 Whose Sinews no longer cou'd move.
Since Wenching is modish, and Beauties are common,
Why shou'd we wed the Defects of a Woman?

The

The Husband has all the Vexation,
 The Quarrels, and Cares of the Sheets;
 Fair Peruques, and Fops of the Fashion,
 For nothing enjoy all the Sweets.

Since Wenching, &c.

If the Wife has Wit, Beauty, or Portion,
 Fine Clothes, and Gallants must be had:
 She follows the Court for Promotion,
 And hey ! for the New Masquerade.

Since Wenching, &c.

When the Chaos was made a Creation,
 And all things in Order did move,
 The Wisest, in every Nation,
 Went in unto all they did love.

Since Wenching, &c.

Each Bout is a Feast of new Pleasure
 To those that may any where feed :
 The Bees have all Natures sweet Treasure,
 But Drones are confin'd to a Weed.

*Since Wenching is modish, and Beauties are common,
 Why shou'd we Wed the Defects of a Woman?*

The RESOLVE.

THose in that dismal Clime
 Where the *Cymerian* Shades do Reign,
 And share the tedious Year;
 With not that happy Time,
 When bright *Hyperion's* chearful Wain
 Makes Darkness disappear;
 Nor meet his welcom Light with such Extremes
 Of Joy, as I *Clariza's* brighter Beams.
 Yet does an envious Cloud
 Of Sadness check my full delight,
 Though my ambitious Flame's allow'd:
 For Fortunes spight
 Still lays on her the most obliging Part,
 And leaves me nought to give her, but my Heart.
 That too was hers before:
 Dull Lover, hast thou nothing more?
 Then since my Debts amount so high,
 And still I must encrease the Score,
 I'll wear her Fetters till I die,
 And, in those glorious Chains, adore
Clariza, more than Liberty.

A Drinking Catch.

Jack, drink away,
 Thou hast lost a whole Minute ;
 Hang Wenches and Play,
 There is no Pleasure in it :
 'Faith, take t'other Glass,
 Though the Nights old and gray,
 We may all have a Pass
 To the Grave before Day ;
 And in the cold, forsaken Grave,
 There is no Drink, (dear *Jack*,) no Drink ;
 No Wine, nor Women, can we have,
 No Company but Worms, but Worms that stink :
 Then name thy own Health, and begin it.

*ECLOGUE.**Strephon and Philander.*

Str. **N**ay, dear *Philander*, prethee sigh no more,
 Or let thy *Strephon* know the Cause :
 While you alone your rigid Fate deplore,
 You make a Breach in Friendships Laws :

*In ev'ry Fortune, Friendship claims a part;
Divided Sorrows less oppress the Heart.*

Ph. Ah, *Strephon*! never, never shall thy Ear
Be frighted with such fatal Sounds;
Thy friendly Sighs, or sympathizing Tears,
Wou'd but encrease my Wounds.
In all my Joys for ever thou shalt share;
None but *Philander* shall support his Care.

Str. Thy Fleecy Troops encrease, and duely pay
A Tribute of the softest Wooll;
Pan guards the Pasture, while thy Lambs do play,
And *Ceres* fills thy Store-house full.
What can disturb his Joys, or break his Rest,
Who is by Gods and Goddesses so blest?

Ph. Those Blessings which my *Strephon* does repeat,
Have been the cause of all my Grief.

Str. No Sorrows are so deep, no Wounds so great,
But may admit of some Relief.
Nature provides a Salve for ev'ry Sore,
Will ease the Pain, if not the Health restore.

Ph. All Nature's Wealth, joyn'd with the Power of Art,
Can give my killing Grief no ease.

Str. Cruel *Philander*! Will you not impart
The Nature of this strange Disease?

Ph. Im-

Ph. Impatient Passion, restless, rash desire;
A frying Frost, compos'd of freezing Fire.

St. Is Love grown such a desperate Disease?
If that be all; the Cure is plain;
Those Eyes that gave the Wound, must give the Ease
To this strange tyrannizing Pain.
When Reason is too weak, this way is sure,
Whom Great Achilles wounds, his Lance must cure.

Ph. Ah! gentle *Strephon*, therefore I despair,
And justly may my Fate accuse;
There is no other means to heal my Care,
But what I dare not, cannot use.

St. Fortune assists a Man that boldly dares.

Ph. We may behold, but must not reach at Stars.

St. Unmasque the dazling Object of thy Love:
Suppose her some bright Deity;
Yet Stars do fall, and quit their sparkling Grove;
Cupid rules them, as well as thee.
All Gods and Goddesses do yield to Love;
Yet *Jupiter* himself submits to Love.

And all on Earth will soon submit to Love
Ph. Whose Blood does in an equal temper flow,
Whose Pulse a healthy Musick beats,
To cure the danger of anothers Woe,
A hundred easie ways repeats.

Remember

Remember, *Strephon*, Great *Apollo's* Art
 Cou'd find no Herb to cure a Wounded Heart.

St. Unveil this murd'ring Beauty, speak her Name,
 And how she first surpriz'd thy Heart.

Ph. Swear solemnly you'll never credit Fame
 With any thing that I impart.

St. If e're I do, may Wolves, and Ev'ning Dews
 Destroy my Lambs, and kill my Teeming Ewes.
 Why shou'd *Philander* so distrustful prove?
 Is't my Fidelity he doubts, or Love?

Ph. Neither.

St. To me *Philander* never swore.

Ph. Nor did I ever ask a Vow before.

When *Strephon* does my fatal Story hear,
 He will excuse, if not allow my Fear.

St. Cold Death shall seize me, e're my Thoughts shall be
 Unseal'd to any thing alive, but thee.

Ph. After the great Success, which, well you know,
 I had, in Pleading 'gainst my Pow'rful Foe,
 The just *Sylvanus* having fairly try'd
 The weighty Cause, and judg'd it on my Side;
 Repairing to the Sacred Fane, to pay
 Due Thanks to Heav'n, and future Blessings pray,
 The Priests preparing, with erected Eyes,
 And pious Flames, to scale the lofty Skies
 With grateful Incense, sent in Hills of Smoke,
 A gentle Audience from the Gods t'invoke;

D

Then

Then shou'd my zealous Thoughts, and swift Desires
 Have waited on the bright Atoning Fires :
 But then my roving Eyes (those careless Guides)
 My easie Heart 'twixt Heav'n and Earth divides ;
 The *Sol* of Heaven, which before did sway
 The Actions of my Soul, they put away ;
 And presently supply'd his empty Throne
 With giddy Passion, wilful *Phaeton* ;
 Who los'd the Rains, and let them freely rove,
 Till Heav'n's Great Thunderer, Almighty *Jove*,
 Cast them upon a sweet betraying Face,
 A *Remora*, that check'd their wanton Race.

There those ambitious Ramblers boldly stray,
 And gaz'd so long, till they became a Prey ;
 The charming Object soon retreated thence,
 To punish their presuming Insolence,
 And like a lovely Tyrant, as she is,
 Ravish'd my Heart, because I look'd amiss.

How gladly did I feed my greedy Eyes
 On those sweet, cruel, sad Felicities !
 How eagerly I catch'd each glancing Dart,
 Shot from her Eyes, and Shrin'd it in my Heart !
 Far was it from my thoughts, that there shou'd be
 In so much Pleasure, so much Misery.

So harmless Birds devour with greedy haste
 The Fowlers sweet intoxicating Paste ;
 Whose pleasant Poyson through their Body creeps,
 And casts them into death-resembling Sleeps.

And so the sportful Lark, by dazling Light,
Loses his Life to gratifie his Sight.

St. Thy Tongue in this Discourse explains no more
Than thy perplexed Sighs express'd before ;
Pray' speak her Name, and in what happy Sphere
This bright, resistless Lustre does appear.

Ph The first ne're reach'd my knowledge ; yet the last
Is, like a Deity, i'th' Temple plac'd.
My winged Feet, each Sacrificing day,
Lead me to gaze upon her, more than pray.
As he that has drunk Poyson, strives to get
The cold. st Water, to allay the Heat,
Although he knows there's nothing does conspire
More to th' assistance of his killing Fire ;
So do I constantly repair to see,
And take new Wounds, t' encrease my Misery.

St. A Coward in the Field, does always die ;
When he that courts his Fate, finds Victory.
Put thy uncertain Fortune to the Tryal ;
.*Despairing Love is worse than flat Denial.*

Ph. Friendship gives this Advice : Did you e're find
The Bramble with the Princely Cedar joyn'd ?
All, but the Royal Bird of *Jove*, must shun
The beamy Lustre of the radiant Sun.

St. Although the Kingly Eagle soars so high,
He often stoops to prey upon a Fly ;
And though the Cedar does so lofty grow,
His Shade protects the meanest Shrub below :

Alanda's Flight does with the Clouds contest,
 Yet she in humblest Stubbles makes her Nest.
 Was not the Glorious Sister of the Sun
 Deeply in Love with poor *Endymion* ?
 Love is a rambling, accidental Fire,
 Not led by Reason, but a strong Desire ;
 It flies at all, and does this *Maxim* prove,
All were, or are, or will be once in Love.

Approach thy Goddess, if she yet be free ;
 She must love one, perhaps it may be thee.
 Thy Heart is lost ; this onely does remain,
 By Death, or Victory, to win't again.
 Better die once, and bravely yield thy Breath,
 Than ev'ry Minute feel a living Death.

Ph. Yes (*Strephon*) die I will, but not your way ;
 That wou'd her Honour, and my Flame betray :
 I'll trust no partial Friendship e're to tell
 The curious World how poor *Philander* fell.
 My Eyes may freely on her Beauty Feast,
 Though Passion make a Famine in my Breast.
 Shou'd I declare my self, her Honour must
 Despise a Heap of such ignoble Dust ;
 So shou'd I twice act o're my cruel Fate,
 First die by Love, and then by juster Hate.

St. What strange unheard-of Resolution's this !
 You wou'd be happy, yet forswear your Bliss !
 But see, *Philander*, how the envious West
 Does greedily invite yond' shining Guest

To haste to his beloved *Thetis* Arms ;
 Our Flocks invoke us with their bleating Charms ;
 The Silver *Cynthia* drops an Ev'ning-tear,
 And *Phœbus* blushes, to behold us here.
 Lead we our curled Troops to rest, then play
 On Oaten Reeds, to chase this Love away.
Ph. Bright *Paphian* Goddess ! help thy Votarie :
 Thy Glory falls, if sad *Phylander* die.

A SONG.

Coelina, you see
 How from Court the new Fashion
 Has Conquer'd the Nation,
 All Lovers must be :
 None but Phanaticks oppose the Invasion ;
 Then pray' why shou'd we ?

 Hang Conscience, and Fear !
 I am secret, and loyal :
 No envious Espial
 Shall frighten my Dear.
 That Blush was so sweet ! I can take no denial,
 Nor longer forbear.

Nay, strive not in vain ;
 I'll o'recome thee with Kisses :
 Such Pleasure as this is
 Wou'd make *Jove* again
 Despise his high State, to partake of our Blissess.
 Then who can abstain ?

O ! these are the Sweets
 Which none can discover,
 But the secret Lover :
 Great *Cæsar* ne're meets
 A Joy more sublime, though he is our First Mover ;
 To Love he submits.

*To a Person of Quality, a great Patron of
 Justice.*

TO hurry on the sad decaying State
 Of those that are deprest by adverse Fate ;
 To tread on those that are already down ;
 To change the Face, with Fortunes Smile, or Frown ;
 To crush dejected Innocence, whose Right
 Is eagerly oppress'd by Wealthy Might ;
 To hate whom Fortune hates, and to despise
 The candid Truth, when in a poor Disguise ;

To think there is a great Antipathy
 Between a Spotless Life, and Poverty ;
 This is the Custom of our Partial Times ;
 The Poor must suffer for the Rich Mens Crimes :
 Weak injur'd Innocence we often see
 Feels heavy Stripes, while Pow'rful Guilt goes free.

To whom shall I complain, since this is true ;
 From whom shall I seek Justice, but from you ?
 Whose Sun-like Soul in equal Beams displays,
 On high, and low, the Power of its Rays ;
 Who, in your pious Charity, express
 Your self a Father to the Fatherless :
 Whose Vertue does this Age so far excell,
 That all admire, what none can parallel.

Some (like the Stone *Celedony*) will hold
 No Vertue, longer than th' are rubb'd with Gold :
 Your God-like Justice moves not by Reward ;
 All that will seek it, may be freely heard.
 And, as the richest *Topaz* shines most bright,
 To those that seek it, in the darkest Night ;
 So your Preserving Goodness you express
 Chiefly to those that are in most distress.

S N O W.

See how the feather'd Blossoms through the Air
 Traverse a thousand various Paths, to find
 On the impurer Earth a Place that's fair,
 Courting the Conduct of each faithless Wind.

See how they seem to hover near their end,
 Nicely supported on their doubtful Wings;
 Yet all by an impulse of Fate descend,
 On Dunghills some, some on the Courts of Kings.

Of warmest Vapours, which the Sun exhales
 All are compos'd; and in a short-liv'd Hour,
 Their daz'ling Pride and coyest Beauty falls,
 Dissolv'd by *Phæbus*, or a weeping Show'r.

All of one Matter form'd, to one return;
 Their Fall is greatest, who are plac'd most high:
 Let not the Proud presume, or Poorest mourn,
 Their Fate's decreed, and ev'ry one must die.
 Boast not of endless Wealth, or Noble Birth;
From Earth all come, all must return to Earth.

Satisfaction in Vertue.

Since this is the Decree of Fate,
That my Fortune must still be sinking,
Henceforth I will leave off thinking,
And despise all Worldly Hate.

This Age is now so prone to Lying,
Vertue is too weak a Guard
To revive a Flame that's dying,
She is still her own Reward.

While my Conscience is at peace,
All their Malice can't depress me,
Happy Thoughts shall still possess me,
In their wane I shall encrease.

The blackest Scandal Envy places
On a well-composed Mind,
Flies back in the Detractors Faces,
Like Dust that's thrown against the Wind.

Although the Verdant Laurel may
Be shock't by Winter's stormy Blasting,
Yet her Colour's everlasting,
She triumphs when the Storms decay.

The

The ratling Thunder cannot reach her,
 Still she wears her pleasant Green :
 Hell it self can make no Breach there
 Where the Soul has Peace within.

Toads Poyson-spent, they soon decay :
Torpedo-like, the base Detractor
 In his own Ruine is an Actor,
 Casting all his Guts away :
 For when the Plots he has contriv'd,
 Are unto the World made known,
 The Wasp is of his Sting depriv'd,
 And dies a base despised Drone.

My clouded Fame again shall rise,
 In its own proper Lustre shining,
 Spight of all their curst repining,
 And shake off this black Disguise.
 Then will those *Protean* Friends that fly me,
 To my better Fate repair ;
 But those that in the Mist deny me,
 Shall never in my Sun-shine share.

Now the World so wretched is grown,
 He that's Wealthy may be a Despiser ;
 For he that is Richer, is Wiser
 Than all the Square-Caps of the Town.

Since

Since all are so drown'd in their Folly;
 And all have a certain Fate,
 I'll laugh, live contented, and jolly,
 And a Fig for their Love, or their Hate.

The HUZZA.

VV

Hen the Streets are all clear,
 The Town is our Own;
 We *manage* the Humour, and laugh at the Fear
 Of all those we *Lay on*.

Down goes the *Bully*, the *Heck*, and *Night-walker*;
 But oh! the Brisk Girl, we will never forsake her.

The Constable flies,
 And his Clubmen withdraw,
 When they hear the fierce Cries
 Of the dreadful *Huzza, Huzza, Huzza!*

The Gown, Surplice, or Sword,
 We spare not at all;
 But *Draw up our Forces*, and give 'um the Word;
Make a Show, and they fall.
 Down goes the Lawyer, the Priest, and the Captain;
 But wo to the House that a Candle is kept in:

We make the *Glass* fly,
 And the Rogues stand in awe,
 When they hear the fierce Cry
 Of the dreadful *Huzza, Huzza, Huzza!*

If

If a Brave of the Court,
 A *Yea* and a *Nay*,
 Or Canting soft Sister, that's right for the Sport,
 Do appear in our way,
Down Tabitha goes, the Saint, and the Wicked,
 Though their Lungs are consum'd, their Notes like
 We make 'em strain high, [Cricket
 To declare for our Law,
 And advance the fierce Cry
 Of the dreadful *Huzza, Huzza, Huzza* !

Some do Plot, Pimp, or Pad ;
 Some Play, Swear, and Whore ;
 Some Write till th'are laugh'd at, some Read till th'are
 And some Drink till th'are poor ; [mad
 Some Rail and Lampoon, till their Ears do miscarry :
 But, on the *Huzza*, we are honest, and wary.
 We make the Rogues fly,
 Or embrace our New Law,
 And advance the fierce Cry
 Of the dreadful *Huzza, Huzza, Huzza* !

To the Fair Aminda.

Love's daring Flight is unconfin'd,
 No Rules can reach his soaring Wings;
 More free than Air, or lawless Wind,
 Or secret Thoughts, form'd in a youthful Mind;
 Above the Power of the Highest Kings.
 The Gods, if there were any more
 Besides Great Love, by him were made;
 His Favour they did all implore,
 His Darts they all obey'd;
 Their Deities by his did Shine, or Fade.

The lasting Fame bold *Heroes* win,
 The sacred Vertues you admire,
 All that the World can glory in,
 By Love's Assistance did at first begin;
 Your Beauty's Rais'd by his *Promethean* Fire.
 Whom Love inspires, though dull before,
 Becomes accomplish'd, wise, and brave,
 To conquer her he doth adore.
 The Glories which you have,
 Your Lover's Passion, and his Praises gave.

Then ask not how I dare aspire
 Before your dazzling Shrine to kneel,
 And offer my ambitious Fire ;
 For were your Beauty and your Title higher,
 Love wou'd betray the Pain you make me feel.
 If you are scornful, and severe,
 You add new vigour to my Flame,
 And make it still more bright appear :
 If I possess my aim,
 My Happiness shall never spot your Fame.

Though I shou'd feast my greedy Eyes,
 And ev'ry Minute steal a Kiss,
 Taste all those Joys Men Idolize,
 Your Sum of Pleasure still as high wou'd rise,
 Nor wou'd you have one charming Grace the less.
 But if our Wishes equal are,
 In Loves *Elyzium* we shall Reign,
 And, by our secret am'rous War,
 That Paradise obtain
 Which all the graver World have sought in vain.

LOVE by PROXY.

To Rosella.

BY one more happy, they their Suit prefer,
Who want the Honor of their Sov'reign's Ear:
So Superstitious Papists do implore
Their Saints Assistance, when they Heav'n adore:
And so *Philander* your Protection prays,
When at *Clariza's* Feet his Heart he lays.

You know her Strength, you know her weakest Guard;
When to retire, and when to venture hard:
If fair *Rosella* on my side declare,
And own my Cause, we'll quickly end the War.

But what Reward can draw you to my part?

What can he give, that has bestow'd his Heart?
Vouchsafe a Parley; if we part in strife,
You must demand above *Philander's* Life:
That Man no higher Blessings can pretend,
Who is *Clariza's* Slave, *Rosella's* Friend.

A Check to Love.

Hence, persecuting Fancy, hence !
 Or, if I must
 To hated Rhime, and Love, be given,
 Let it be just ;
 No Sacrifice to idle Sense,
 Or wanton Lust ;
 But Nobler Flames, that mount to Heav'n.

Whither, fond Heart, dost thou mislead
 My easie Eyes ?
 Too soon, alas ! they fly at Beauty.
 Canst thou despise
 Those servile Paths which Lovers tread
 To gain a Prize,
 Which turns their Joy to slavish Duty ?

Yet, if I must to Sea again,
 Still by the Shore,
 In some new pretty Boat I'll hover ;
 But never more
 Enslav'd (though with a Golden Chain)
 Be ty'd to th' Oar :
 I'll be a true Poetick Lover.

Whether ?

Whether she favour, or despise,
 'Tis both alike;
Fidiffa ne're shall know her Lover,
 I'll ne're seek
 An Answer from her Hands, or Eyes,
 Or blushing Cheek,
 Nor own my Love, though she discover.

COELINA.

THE Richest Metal, while it lies
 Obscured in its Native Mold,
 Is like a Monarch in disguise:
 Love Beauty shews, as Fire does Gold.

'Tis now so much the Mode to Love,
 None are Gentile, or truly Fair,
 Until their num'rous Servants prove
 How powerful their Beauties are.

Fairest *Calins*, if you will
 (Protected by that borrow'd Name)
 Accept the Offerings of my Quill,
 I'll raise you to a deathless Fame.

Sweet Voices, and harmonious Strings,
 Shall ev'ry day your Praise renew :
Calina shall be sung by Kings,
 And Captive those she never knew.

This poor Return *Amyntas* prays,
 That you believe his Flames are true ;
 And fair *Calina's* Smile repays
 All he has done, or e're can do.

*To a Mistress who desir'd to know his Love, by his
 Endeavour not to love her.*

Your lasting Smiles at any rate to gain,
 I serv'd your strange Commands ; but all in vain :
 The Tyrant Beauty still prevails ; no Art,
 No Reason can reclaim my wilful Heart.
 The greedy Soul, whose Heav'n is Gold, cou'd do
 No more for *Mammon*, than I've done for you,
 To quench the hated Flames of vain Desire,
 And ruine all that fed the hopele's Fire.

I vow'd that your Eyes were but Glasses ;
 Your Teeth, and your Hair,
 But Borrowed Ware,
 The Growth of some Crucifi'd Lass ;

Your

Your Lips were no more
 But twice redded o're ;
 Your All were but Counterfeit Graces :
 Your Face double-wash'd with right *Spanish* ;
 The Cold, or the Heat,
 With Freezing, or Sweat,
 Would make the fair *Fucus* to vanish :
 Your costly Perfumes,
 To dry up Salt Rheums,
 And your natural *Hau'gon* to banish.
 At ev'ry Word, my injur'd Heart did flie
 Into my blushing Cheek, and trembling Eye,
 To give my servile Tongue the Lie.
 How cruel then is the delight you take,
 To kill me for the Crime your self did make !
 Since all I did, was but to shew
 I dare do any thing for you.

To CLARIZA.

GO, Happy Characters ! Those Joys obtain,
 For which your absent Master sighs in vain :
 Go, kiss *Clariza's* Hand ; a Hand more white
 Than Innocence, or feather'd Snow i'th' Night ;
 Whose softness far transcends those Silver Doves
 That draw Love's Chariot through the Myrtle Groves.

The Veins, like Violets, o're the Lilies stray,
 Or Azure Stars in Heavens Milky Way.
 Each Finger has so much of *Cupid's* Art,
 It can transfix an Adamantine Heart.

Go, feast your selves on those victorious Eyes,
 Enjoy those Sweets for which *Philander* dies :
 But do not (like ingrateful Mortals) hate
 The Hand that rais'd you to your envy'd State.
 When by my fair *Clariza* you are read,
 Remember you your Master's Passion plead ;
 Show my repeated Vows, my Wishes show,
 Which no Ambition, but her Service know :
 Business (Love's greatest Enemy) cou'd ne're
 A Thought, before her Interest, prefer.

With dear *Clariza's* Name I close my Eyes,
 Of her I dream, think of her when I rise :
 Vow'd Anchorites, with such Religious Love,
 Did ne're pursue the Blessed joys above.
 Forgive me Heav'n ! Yet sure it cannot be
 A Sin to honour what resembles thee.

Tell her, how constantly my Footsteps trace
 That happy Walk where I beheld her Face ;
 What longing Looks, how many Sighs I send,
 What Fears surpris'd me, lest I should offend.
 I go each Night to see her, though I know
 I shall not see her there before I go.
 If any Noise strike my attentive Ear,
 My flatt'ring Hope says, *Fair Clariza's there.*

How eagerly my Soul with ardour flies
 To meet your Presence in my watchful Eyes !
 When some unwelcom Object does appear,
 That cheats my Hopes, and says you are not there.

Thus, when my expectation has delay'd
 The latest Minutes, and the Light out-staid,
 Such cruel Thoughts, and yet such just ones too,
 Direct me home, I fear they'll prove too true !
 Bold Reason cries, *Philander*, 'tis in vain
 To think *Clariza* will relieve thy Pain ;
 Those gilded Joys she gave thee, were not meant
 To found thy Bliss, but raise thy Punishment.

If those betraying Smiles thou'dst never known,
 Thou hadst been less unhappy, though undone.
 Though Misery is short of Happiness,
Privation is Misfortune in excess.

But Love inspires new Faith, and does assure,
 She will not kill, that did so nobly cure :
 From my Divine *Clariza's* Lips I'll wait
 A second Confirmation of my Fate.

When blushing *Phæbus* from this Region flies,
 I'll haste to see my brighter *Phæbe* rise ;

And from her pow'rful Influence invite
 My lasting Day, or my perpetual Night.

The Folly of Coyness and Wedlock.

A *Minda*, in vain you so coyly refuse
 What Nature and Love do inspire;
 That Formal old Way, which your Mother did use,
 Can never confine the Desire,
 It rather adds Oyl to the Fire.

When the tempting Delights of Wooing are lost,
 And Pleasure's a Duty become,
 We both shall appear like some dead Lovers Ghost,
 To frighten each other from home;
 And the Genial Bed, like a Tombe.

Now, low at your Feet your fond Lover will lye,
 And seek a new Fate in your Eyes;
 One amorous Smile will exalt him so high,
 He can all but *Aminda* despise:
 Then change to a Frown, and he dies.

To Love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
 But to raise our Enjoyments by Art,
 We'll often fall out, and as often renew;
 For to wound, and to cure the smart,
 Is the Pleasure that captives the Heart.

A SONG at the KING'S HOUSE.

How charming are those pleasant Pains
 Which the successful Lover gains !
 Oh ! how the longing Spirit flies
 On scorching Sighs, from dying Eyes !
 Whose intermixing Rays impart
 Love's welcom Message to the Heart.

Then, how the active Pulse, grown warm,
 To ev'ry Sense gives the Alarm !
 But oh ! the Raptures, and the Qualms,
 When Love unites the melting Palms !
 What Ecstasies ? What Hopes and Fears ?
 What pretty Talk, and am'rous Tears ?

To these, a thousand Vows succeed ;
 And then, O Heav'ns ! the Secret Deed !
 When Sense, and Soul are bath'd in Bliss.
 Think, Dear *Aminda*, think on this !
 And cure those Hours we did not prove
 The ravishing Delights of Love.

ALMERIA: A SONG.

I Did (*Almeria*) long oppose
 Thy Charms, with Reason, and Discourse;
 But find, against such welcome Foes
 In vain, alas! is all my Force:
 That great Defence I made, with so much toil,
 Thy Eyes have ruin'd With a careless Smile.

Mad with my Loss, I blush'd to see
 My Passion in my Looks o're-spread;
 While thine seem'd proud of Victory,
 And, in thy Eyes, methought I read,
*Thirsis, thou dost oppose thy Fate in vain;
 Thou maist deplore, but never break my Chain.*

I yield, (Fair Nymph!) but use me well,
 So may thy Reign for ever last:
 Frowns may the Heart a while compel;
 But Favours tie it ever fast:
 To keep thy Power, when thy Beauty's gone,
 With gentle Pity now confirm thy Throne.

The setting Sun more bright doth rise,
Phæbe renews her borrow'd Light:

But when thy daz'ling Beauty dies,
 Thou never canst retrieve its flight :
 Then will those Lovers, which in vain did burn,
 Forget thy Beauty, and repay thy Scorn.

The ANSWER.

When first your Love it self addrest
 In modest Flames, and chaste Discourse,
 The Passion you did then suggest,
 Some careless Smile, perhaps, might force :
 But you allow'd your Thoughts too large a Scope,
 If e're I smil'd you into farther Hope.

I saw you blush, and was so wise
 To take it for a sign of Grace :
 You, looking through those wanton Eyes,
 Did read false Lectures in my Face.
 Never did I expect, or wish to have,
 One for my Servant, who is Passion's Slave.

You ne're shall tempt my Maiden-Throne
 To flatt'ring Lust to yield its Right :
 Subjects are forc'd, as well as won ;
 No Rebel like the Favorite.
 And Pow'r does oft a stubborn People bend,
 Whom too much Pity teaches to offend.

What

What though the Sun does Rise more Bright ;
 The Morn her wasted Light renews ?
 'Tis Vertue varnishes our Light ;
 With Honour, we our Beauty lose.
 Lovers respect no longer than they burn ;
 And Beauty, when enjoy'd, becomes their scorn.

KISSES, with an Addition.

MY Love and I for Kisses Play'd ;
 She wou'd hold Stakes, I was content :
 But when I won, she wou'd be paid :
 With that, I ask'd her what she meant.
Naythen (quoth she) *I see, I see, you wrangle in vain ;*
Here, take your Kiss, and give me mine again.

Dear Heart ! said I, that killing Frown
Shan't huffe me out of what I got ;
Pay back my Stake, and that I won ;
I hate your wheadling greedy Plot :
Not that I prize one Kiss so much ; for, were you poor,
On your bare Lips I'de lend you twenty more.

I scorn your Kindness, Sir, she said.
We Stak'd, and to't we went afresh :
Still I receiv'd, but still I paid,
Yet never had a Kiss the less.

Nay then, thought I, I see, I see we wrangle in vain;
Here's better Sport, and still the Losers gain.

In heat of Play, we threw at All,
I Stak'd my Heart against her Head:
She lost, nor cou'd her Pray'rs prevail;
For I was deaf, till she was dead.

Nay then (quoth she) I see, I see I wrangle in vain;
Give me my Head, and take your Heart again.

DAPHNE.

GIVE o're, foolish Heart, and make haste to despair;
For *Daphne* regards not thy Vows, nor thy Pray'r.
When I plead for thy Passion, thy Pains to prolong,
She Courts her Guittar, and Replies with a Song.

No more shall True Lovers such Beauties adore:
Were the Gods so severe, Men wou'd Worship no more.

No more will I wait, like a Slave at thy Door;
Will spend the cold Nights at thy Window no more:
My Lungs I no more in long Sighs will exhale,
Since thy Pride is to make me look fullen, and pale.

No more shall *Amyntas* thy Pity Implore:
Were the Gods, &c.

No more shall thy Frowns, or Free Humour perswade,
 To fear the Fair Idol my Fancy has made :
 When thy Saints, so neglected, their Follies give o're,
 Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more :

No more shall true Lovers, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain !
 When flatter'd by Hope, or oppress'd by Disdain ?
 For my *Daphne's* bright Eyes I no sooner review,
 But all is forgot, and I Vow all anew.

*No more, (Cruel Nymph !) I will murmur no more :
 Did the Gods seem so Fair, Men wou'd ever Adore.*

The Perjur'd Shepherd.

A SONG.

WITH so much ease (Ingrateful Swains !)
 Your faithless Vows have cur'd your Pains,
 You think, by those your Perjuries betray'd,
 That all are false, or else may be so made ;
 And ev'ry Smile, or gentle Word proclaims
 The coldest Nymph an Off ring to your Flames.

Vain Shepherd, now's the fatal time
 To suffer for thy boasted Crime :
 Repeated Vows, with me, less Credit find,
 Than smiling Seas on the uncertain Wind :
 Deep Sighs, and frequent Tears, as things of course,
 So common are, that they have lost their force.

Thy Passion's truth will best appear,
 Disguis'd in Doubts, and guilty Fear ;
 When all the Heart, and careful Tongue conceal,
 The Sense disorder'd, and the Eyes reveal.
 Such dark Confusion makes the Flame shine bright :
 So Stars are best discern'd through Shades of Night.

One stolen Look will better Woo,
 Than Sighs, and Tears, and Vows can do.
 The falsest Hearts (like empty Vessels) sound :
 But may thy feign'd, become a real Sound ;
 That thy severer Penance may declare
 How great Mens Crimes, and Womens Virtues are.

HERANIA.

THe Great, and Wise, the Good, and Fair, do all
 So fast before Love's Sacred Altar fall,

That

That ev'n the Gods themselves seem to proclaim,
All must submit to the resistless Flame.

The Prince of Light makes haste to quench that Fire,
Which *Persian* Kings adore, and we admire :

For one Hours Pleasure with this Nymph's more sweet,
Than all the Incense, and the Pray'r he'l get.

The Birds shrill Echo's through the speaking Grove,
Do welcom the approaching Hour of Love ;
And that soft murmur, which you hear, must be
The gentle Whispers of some am'rous Tree ;
Where each kind Branch the others Juice receives,
And sweetly generates the infant Leaves.

In yonder Thicket, *Philomel's* sad moan
No Rape bewails, but cries *Her Mate is gone*.

All that the Poet, or the Lover dreams,
Of silent Shades, soft Winds, and purling Streams,
Do here combine, to heighten our Delight :

Never, oh, never let *Urania* flight

What Heav'n perswades : Now, now's the happy Hour,
Which greedy Time stands ready to devour :

Tempt not the hasty Fates with cold delay ;

Old Age, and Youthful Love for none will stay.

The Double Health.

Turn off the Glas, 'tis a Crime to see't full;
 Drinking dead Liquor, has made us so dull.
 Let Slaves and Phanaticks be subject to Care,
 Deep Thoughts, and Affairs our fierce Enemies are,
 And Silence already begins the sad War.

Arm! arm! arm! arm! Stand to your Arms;
 With musing, and Frowns,
 The bold Enemy comes,
 Love, Losses, and Crosses renew the Alarms.
 Make ready, and present,
 Mount all your Muzles up higher;
 Thus we sad Thoughts do prevent,
 And to Beauties and Wealth we aspire:

Give Fire.

As our Volleys are thicker,
 Our Wits will be quicker:

Give Fire.

CHORUS.

*Let none for small Money take care,
 To pass the Black Stygian Lake;
 We'll cheat the old Rogue of his Fare,
 And swim o're in the Rivers we make.*

SONG.

S O N G.

I'Le no more be deceiv'd with your amorous Art;
 Take all your great Favours, & call home your heart.
 When your Vows & Embraces do raise my Hopes high,
 When all is agreed, and y'are ready to die;
 Some sudden flight Humor destroys all my Bliss;
 And you think my long Service well paid with a Kiss.

As Fowlers do cruelly sport with a Dove,
 You blind and torment my poor Heart with fond Love;
 But when with long Flight all its Passion is spent,
 And dies at your Feet, you too late will repent.
 While I'm Fasting, you think I for ever will Pray;
 But without a Support, all Loves strength will decay.

Your Kisses are cold, and I smile at your Tears;
 They proceed not from Love, but your loss, & your fears.
 Ah! *Sylvia*, this kills me, you yet have such force,
 You equally wound with Disdain or Remorse.
 If your Beauty in Tears is so Sweet and Divine,
 O ye Gods! what wilt be when y'are joyfully mine!

My Heat for the War, by thy Love is asswag'd,
 My Anger is lost, but my Honour's engag'd:

For thee I shall fear e'ry danger I meet,
 And yet for thy sake I dare fight a whole Fleet;
 And *Sylvia* shall be the Reward and the Cure
 For all I can do, and for all I endure.

*To Clariza, when she was unkind after she
 began to Love.*

NO more, bold Thoughts, repine no more;
 She takes but what she lent before:
 Such desp'rate Debtors none will longer trust.
 Though she her Favour ne're restore,
 Still fair *Clariza's* just.

The Merchant Plows no more that Main
 Where Trouble is his onely Gain:
 In barren Fields no careful Hand will Sow,
 Where Weeds, or nothing springs again.
 Justly I'm treated so.

If Queens bright Rays of Favour dart
 On Objects where is no Desert,
 Intending Mirth, must we their Beams confine?
 Ah no! she still commands her Heart,
 And ever Reigns in mine.

My dear *Clariza*, and the Sun,
 Enflame whate'er they look upon ;
 Yet are themselves insensible of Heat.
 Wound her, blind God, or quit thy Throne,
 And own thy Pow'r a Cheat.

Light may forsake the mid-ag'd Day,
Phœbus may *Cynthia's* Scepter sway ;
 The Stars may fall, swift Streams retire as fast :
 But never can my Passion stray,
 While Earth or Heaven last.
 If my *Clariza* will be still unkind,
 I'll break my Heart, but never change my Mind.

The Complaint of Venus for her Adonis.

VAke, my *Adonis*, wake ; thou shalt not die :
 Kind Fate has giv'n me Life for thee and I.
 Oh ! Where are all thy Vows, thy secret Wiles ?
 Thy pow'ful Frowns, and thy prevailing Smiles ?
 In vain, alas ! do Love and Beauty call ;
 Those Charms are gone, cold Death has seiz'd 'um all.
 Yet Death so lovely in thy Face appears,
 It feeds my Passion, and deludes my Fears.

This

This is that fatal Ruine which I fear'd,
 When to these frighted Eyes thy Ghost appear'd;
 Thy Murder was presag'd, when Stormy *Jove*
 Tore the best Myrtle from his Sacred Grove.
 This did my pale and wither'd Roses tell,
 When from my Golden Shrines, untouch'd, they fell.
 Too well my Doves thy dismal Loss did shew,
 When with such heavy Wings they hither flew.

Oh! tell me where his wandring Spirit's gone:
 What Power shall a Goddess call upon?
 In vain poor Lovers at my Altars stay,
 I want that Happiness for which they pray:
 Death is their Cure, but mine has no Relief;
 Immortal is my State, and so's my Grief.
 Then I will Court my Sorrows, till they be
 As dear as my *Adonis* was to me.

S O N G.

W HEN first my free Heart was inspir'd by Desire,
 So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;
 My Sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the Smart,
 I pittied the Slave that had ne're lost his Heart.
 He thinks himself happy, and free, but alas!
 He's far from that Heaven which Lovers possess.

In Nature was nothing that I could compare
 With the Beauty of *Cloris*, I thought her so Fair ;
 A Wit so Divine all her Sayings did fill,
 A Goddess she seem'd ; and I thought of her still
 With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more true,
 Than a Martyr in Flames for Religion can shew.

More Vertues and Graces I found in her Mind,
 Than the Schools can invent, or the Gods e're design'd.
 She seem'd to be mine by each Glance of her Eye,
 If Mortals might aim at a Blessing so high.

Each day, with new Favours, new Hopes she did give ;
 But alas ! what is wish'd we too soon do believe.

With awful Respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
 But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd,
 In a Moment my Joys and my Hopes were destroy'd,
 A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd :
 Yet in spite of my Fate, and the Pains I endure,
 In a second Amour I will seek for my Cure.

The Ruine of Ambition.

AS the ambitious Lark, with wing'd Ascent,
 Strives to o're-top the Airy Element,

Fondly

Fondly attempting, with his weaker Sight,
 To gaze on the Illustrious Eye of Light ;
 Till, in his swift amazing Fall, he finds
 The just Reward of high aspiring Minds ;
 In his too neer approach to th' dazzling Light,
 Meeting Destruction, where he sought Delight :
 So my poor Heart, misguided by my Eyes,
 Finds Ruine, under Beauties sweet disguise ;
 Gazing too much on your bright Eyes, I find,
 Objects too Fair strike the Beholder blind.

Here must the Great *Casarean* Beauties bow,
 And borrow *Cupids* from your fairest Brow :
 Those Celebrated Features, whose Command
 Our Noblest *Heroes* never cou'd withstand,
 Must to your brighter Excellence submit,
 And yield their Conquer'd Trophies at your Feet.
 So does the Bright *Aurora* put to flight
 Those paler Lustres which command the Night.

If you wou'd find the Author, yet unknown,
 Dress but your Beauty in a killing Frown,
 And view the sad Spectators : when you see
 A Face o're-spread with Death, that same is he.

You need not muse my Penance to invent ;
 For, in my Crime I meet my Punishment :
 The Flames of hopeleſs Love, conceal'd Desire,
 Destroy securely, like a secret Fire :
 Mine must be always hid ; too well I know
 What to my Duty, and your Worth I owe.

When *Ixion* vain ambitious Thoughts allow'd,
 For Heav'ns great Goddess, he embrac'd a Cloud;
 Instructing all in proper Spheres to move,
 Where to Adore, and where they ought to Love.

Anagram on his Valentine.

SOME Ladies Painted are,
 Else wou'd their Faces start ye:
 My *Valentine* is Fair,
AC MIRA SINE ARTE.

Doubtful in her First Love.

I.

FORbear, beloved Thoughts, while she's so nigh:
 Not that the World can give a Theme
 More welcom, or more dear,
 Than her.
 But Silence, when my Joys are swell'd so high,
 Though full of Thoughts, seems an ingrateful Dream.

2. Hence,

2.

Hence, dull *Pierides* ! *Apollo*, hence !
 Your Inspirations are too low,
 Too heavy to impart
 My Heart :
 From fair *Clariza's* Nobler Influence
 Far more enthusiastick Raptures flow.

3.

All that's Divinely Good, all that is Fair,
 (As Shades the brighter Substance show)
Clariza by her Rays
 Displays :
 Those scatter'd Beams in her united are,
 Which form a thousand Beauties where they grow.

4.

So Misers, in their daz'ling Treasures, find
 The subject of their Joys, and Fears ;
 Since they that Happiness
 Possess,
 Which all admire, and wish, where it appears.
 Happy *Philander* ! if she still prove kind :
 Kings may, with envy, wish to be so blest ;
 But none can merit Heav'n, though some possess't.

A SONG at the King's-House.

WHy should a foolish Marriage-Vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When Passion is decay'd ?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
 Till our Love was lov'd out in us both :
 But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled ;
 'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
 And further Joys in store,
 What wrong has he whose Joys did end,
 And who can give no more ?
 'Tis a madness that he shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another,
 When all we can gain, is to give our selves pain,
 And neither can hinder the other.

INVITATION to ENJOYMENT.

The Newest Song.

COME in, my *Amyntas*, at length let us prove
 The various Delights and Enjoyments of Love:
 No longer shall Honour, Ill Humour, or Pride
 Bar me of Pleasures that others have try'd.
 So often those Tyrants have sent thee away,
 When, alas! my Affection has call'd thee to stay;
 And as I lay fainting and dying alone,
 I repented, too late, of the Injury done.

To *Venus* I vow'd, in the midst of my pain,
 That I'd never deny my *Amyntas* again:
 Then welcom, kind Shepherd, and welcom this Hour;
 To resist I have neither the will nor the power:
 Our Bodies in amorous Wreaths we'll entwine,
 And while thou art sending thy Soul into mine,
 Like Swans we will sing, and will prove at our death;
 That our last is our sweetest and pleasantest Breath.

SONG.

S O N G.

OF all the Brisk Dames, *Messalina* for me;
 For I love not a Woman unless she be free.
 The Affection that I to my Mistress do pay,
 Grows weary, unless she do meet it half way.
 There can be no Pleasure till Humours do hit;
 And jumping's as good in Affection as Wit.

No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
 No sooner I ask'd, but she granted my Boon;
 And without a Preamble of Portion or Joynture,
 She promis'd to meet me where e're I'de appoint her:
 So we struck up a Match, and embraced each other,
 Without the Consent of a Father or Mother.

Then a Pox o' the Lady that's peevish and coy;
 Let her envy the Pleasure that we do enjoy;
 Let her tickle her Fancy with secret Delight,
 And refuse all the Day, what she longs for at Night:
 I'll believe *Messalina*, who swears they are mad
 That will feed on dry Bones, when the Flesh may be
[had.

A SONG.

WHEN I think of my *Phillis*, I feel
Such a Passion which grieves me within;
That it nips all my Joys,
And the Pleasure destroys,
When to blossom it does but begin.
When I fear how unkind she may prove,
And requite my true Love with Disdain,
I do almost despair
That I ever shall share
In that Love which so causes my Pain.

Then I sigh, and I mourn, while I think
What a Blessing for him is design'd,
In whose Bosom shall rest,
By his Destiny blest,
Fair *Phillis*, to me so unkind.
How I envy his happy Estate,
That with *Phillis* shall take such Delight!
No Riches nor Treasure
Can buy such a Pleasure,
As kissing of *Phillis* all Night.

But

But again when I think of his Heart,
 What an innocent Passion it bears,
 Then my Hopes do augment,
 To my Joy and Content,
 That they quite do abolish my Fears.
 Then I think what a Pleasure 'twill be,
 When to Love she converts her Disdain :
 There's no Pleasure above,
 Like the Rapture of Love,
 As no Torment can equal its Pain.

Oh ! how happy my self I esteem,
 There to Reign the true Lover alone,
 Without Rival for part
 Of my *Phillis's* Heart,
 Which with triumph will all be my own.
 Sure no Happiness e're can excell,
 No, nor equal this Pleasure of mine,
 For to have one whose Face,
 Whose Person, and Grace,
 Like the Sun, does all others out-shine.

A New CATCH.

BE jolly, my Friend ;
 For the Money we spend
 On Women and Wine, to our selves we do lend :
 The Ladies Embraces,
 And our Carbuncld Faces,
 Will gain us more Credit, than the *Muses*, or the *Graces*.

Then Sirrah, be quicker,
 And bring us more Liquor ;
 We'l have nothing to do with Physician, or Vicar :
 We'l round with our Bowls,
 Till our Passing-Bell Toles,
 And trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

A SONG.

FArewel, fair *Armeda*, my Joy and my Grief ;
 In vain I have Lov'd you, and find no Relief :
 Undone by your Vertue, too strict and severe,
 Your Eyes gave me Love, and you gave me Despair.
 Now

Now, call'd by my Honour, I seek, with Content,
 A Fate which in pity you wou'd not prevent :
 To languish in Love, were to find by delay
 A Death, that's more welcom the speediest way.

2.

On Seas, and in Battels, in Bullets and Fire,
 The Danger is less than in Hopeless Desire.
 My Deaths Wound you gave me, though far off I bear
 My Fate from your sight, not to cost you a Tear.
 But if the kind Flood on a Wave should convey,
 And under your Window my Body should lay,
 The Wound on my Breast when you happen to see,
 You'll say with a Sigh, — *It was given by me.*

The ANSWER.

BLame not your *Armada*, nor call her your grief;
 'Twas Honour, not she, that deny'd you Relief.
 Abuse not her Vertue, nor call it severe;
 Who loves without Honour, must meet with Despair.
 Now prompted by Pity, I truly lament
 And mourn for your Fall, which I cou'd not prevent.
 I languish to think that your Bloud should defray
 The Expence of a Fate, though so noble a way.

2.

On Seas and in Battels, that you did expire,
 Was th' effect of your Valour, not hopeleſs Deſire :
 Of the Fame you acquir'd, I greedily hear,
 And grieve when I think that it coſt you ſo dear.
 And when diſmal Fate did your Body convey
 By my Window, your Funeral Rites for to pay,
 I ſigh that your Fate I could not reverſe,
 And all my kind Wiſhes I ſtrew on your Herſe.

A New SONG.

When firſt I ſaw *Marcelia's* Eyes,
 Oh, how ſhe did enſlave me !
 She won my Heart by kind ſurprize
 In ev'ry Look ſhe gave me :
 Dying before her Face I ſtood,
 And fix'd mine Eyes upon her,
 Reſolv'd to Sacrifice my Blood
 A Debt to her Vertue and Honour.

At laſt (thought I) 'tis no ſuch Fault,
 So nobly to adventure :
 He that a Fort dares not Aſſault,
 Can ne're expect to enter.

I bluſh'd

I blush'd, and strait betray'd my Pain,
 By striving to conceal it :
 She answering in a Blush again,
 Did seem to reply, she wou'd heal it.

And oh ! so sweet a way she found
 To cure the Hurt she gave me,
 That then I strove my self to wound,
 That pretty she might save me.
 She oft her kind Assistance lent,
 And prov'd her self the stronger,
 Till ev'ry drop of Blood I'd spent,
 And then she cou'd wound me no longer.

To my Ingenious Friend.

Sir ROBERT SPRIGNELL Baronet,

Having seen his Engraving in Glas.

I N Vain I scratch my Head, or bite my Quill ;
 I can admire, but not commend your Skill :
 Your Pencil does all Prose and Verse out-do,
 Engraving Poems, and Orations too.
Virgil and *Tully* never brought to pass
 In Paper-Volumes, what you write in Glas.
 Your Art is *Chronicles Anatomie*,
 And all Historians are, that can but see.

G

Thus

Thus you grow so luxuriant, as to please
 Artists with Skill, and duller Brains with Ease.
 Dark, and *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, drawn
 By you, wou'd to perspicuous Clearness dawn.
 Your Di'mond most appears in things most dark,
 And now is *Flame*, that was before a *Spark*.

Despair, those greasie Limners, that do try
 To dawb a Face, and paint a Nose or Eye ;
 They, by injurious want of Skill, do spoil
 Good Features, by their Colours, and their Oyl :
 But you have Nature with such Beauty deck't,
 As if you did not Copy, but Correct ;
 And an inimitable Wit have shewn,
 Transparent, as is that it works upon ;
 You do, what others but attempt, on Brass,
 Writing Eternal Monuments in Glass.

The RELAPSE: A SONG.

HOW often have I bid Defiance, in vain,
 To the little Boy *Cupid*, to Beauty, and Love ?
 How oft have I laugh'd, when I heard Men complain,
 That their Mistress unkind, or inconstant did prove ?
 Yet, *Do what we can, or say what we list,*
Love is a Passion which none can resist.

If the Lady's unkind whom we zealously Love,
 Perhaps we may wish that we never had seen her ;
 Yet we commonly find, her Denials do prove
 But a Whetstone to make our Affections the keener :

For, *Do what we can, or say what we list,*
Love is a Passion which none can resist.

But he whose Affections do find a Return,
 When his Shepherdess kindly embraceth her *Dorms*,
 When a mutual Flame in each other does burn,
 How gladly will such a Man joyn in the *Chorus* !

That, *Do what we can, or say what we list,*
Love is a Passion which none can resist.

An Hymeneal to Mr. W. P.

AS Rivulets nor give nor take delight,
 Till in a larger Body they unite ;
 But, by degrees, do steal their crooked Course,
 While mightier Torrents make their way by force :
 Ev'n so your Joys, which but in Streams began,
 Were faint, till they became an Ocean.
 But now they are compleat, and what before
 Was pent in narrow Banks, now knows no Shore.
 May all that's good (Great P.) attend your Throne ;
 And may you never live to Reign alone.

Madam, may you your Bridegroom still possess !
 You cannot covet more, nor merit less.

To Dorinda, on her various Humors.

HOW chequer'd is your Face with Frowns, & Smiles ?
 Sometimes it Conquers, sometimes it Beguiles :
 I'm Courted, or Compell'd, 'twixt Love, and Fear,
 To be your Captive, or your Voluntier :
 Each Humour, Action, Posture, wins my Heart ;
 Your Nature does exceed all others Art.
 When you are angry with me, you but shew
 How you oblige me, when you are not so :
 Your *April*-Brow is dappl'd, and you are
 An Heaven intermix'd with Cloud, and Fair :
 And there, while you Bo-peep your Sun by turns,
 The Sublunary World nor sterves, nor burns.

To his Cruel Mistress.

THINK how you'd blame the Gods, if they
 Shou'd laugh, while you devoutly pray ;
 Then think what Cruelty you shew,
 Still to reject my Off'ring so.

Ne'er was a Heart with more Devotion sent,
Yet never Sacrifice gave less content.

Perhaps I fare the worse, because
I dutifully keep your Laws;
And cou'd I disobedient be,
Perhaps you'd shew less Cruelty:
But I'll endure a worse tormented Mind,
Rather than sin so high to make you kind.

For I can't chuse but love you still;
Or had I Pow'r, I want a Will:
Yet all the Recompence I crave,
Is, that your Pity I may have:
So will our different Passions equal prove;
For your least Pity's worth my greatest Love.

To Chloris in his Sickness.

A SONG.

Cease, *Chloris*, cease to wonder why
My Cheek's so pale, so dim my Eye;
Admire no more my shortned Breath,
No more foretel m' approaching Death:
For now it onely lies in you
To make your *Omen* false, or true.

From the Physician you in vain
 Inquire the Nature of my Pain;
 In vain you weep; for, when you please,
 You, onely you can give me ease:
 And none will think you truly grieve
 For one you care not to relieve.

By meaner Passions you endure
 What by a nobler you may cure:
 Change but your Pity into Love,
 And so the Cause in both remove.
 Thus, by a strange Recovery,
 You'll cheat the World, your self, and me.

Defiance to his Mistress.

A SONG.

LEt Fortune and *Phillis* frown, if they please,
 I'll no more on their Deities call,
 Nor trouble the Fates; but I'll give my self ease,
 And be happy, in spite of 'um all.
 I will have my *Phillis*,
 If I once go about her;
 Or if I have not,
 I'll live better without her.

And now, what-e're I write, I can commend ;
 You, *Madam*, have Indited what I've Penn'd :
 It is not mine, if any Praise be due ;
 For all Men must write well, that write of you.
 Poets may drink of *Helicon*, and climb
Parnassus twi-fork'd Top to fetch a Rhyme ;
 But whosoever dreams of you, shall be
 A *Randolph* or a *Cowley* instantly.
 I wou'd commend you ; but you so abound
 In Worth, that Fancy is not lost, but drown'd.
 Nature has sav'd you the Expence of Art,
 And giv'n you All, what others have in Part.
 Shou'd I endeavour to applaud your Wit,
 I, by my Folly, shou'd but lessen it.
 The way to praise your Voice, is to be dumb,
 And hear it sing its own *Encomium* :
 Your Face is Fancy, and your Eyes are Flame ;
 There's Wit in ev'ry Letter of your Name.
 But hold ! in vain I strive to set you forth ;
 For all that know your Person, know your Worth.

The RECOVERY: A SONG.

I.

I Must confess, not many Years ago,
 'Twas death when-e're my Mistress answer'd No:
 Then I was subject to her Female Yoke,
 And stood or fell by e'ry Word she spoke:
 But now I find th' Intreagues of Love to be
 Nought but the Follies of our Infancy.

2.

I can a Rich, or Handsom Lady Court,
 Either for my Convenience, or for Sport;
 But if the one be Proud, or t'other Coy,
 I cannot break my Sleep for such a Toy:
 My Heart is now for all Assaults prepar'd,
 And will not be commanded, or ensnar'd.

3.

No Eunuch can more unconcern'dly brook
 The Glances of the most bewitching Look:
 Yet if my *Mis* be wantonly enclin'd,
 None can be more obliging, none more kind.
 En oyment now has taught me how to prize
 What onely they that know not, Idolize.

A SONG in CHARLES the Eighth.

1.

OH, Love ! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart
 That owns thy Pow'r Divine,
 That bleeds with thy too cruel Dart,
 And pants with never-ceasing smart,
 Take pity now on mine.
 Under the Shades I fainting lye,
 A thousand times I wish to die ;
 But when I find cold Earth too nigh,
 I grieve to lose my pleasing Pain,
 And call my Wishes back again.

2.

And thus as I fate all alone
 I' th' shady Myrtle Grove,
 When to each gentle Sigh and Moan
 Some neighb'ring Echo gave a Groan,
 Came by the Man I love.
 Oh ! how I strove my Grief to hide !
 I panted, blush'd, and almost dy'd,
 And did each tatling Echo chide,
 For fear some Breath of moving Air
 Shou'd to his Ears my Sorrow bear.

3. And

And oh, ye Powers ! I'd^{3.} die to gain
 But one poor parting Kiss :
 And yet I'd be on Wracks of Pain,
 E're I'd one Thought or Wish retain
 Which Honour thinks amiss.
 Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
 By Love, and Nature both abus'd,
 Our tender Hearts all Ease refus'd :
 And, when we burn with secret Flame,
 Must bear the Grief, or die with shame.

A C A T C H.

C Ome, lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow ;
 Drink on, he's a Sot that e're thinks of to morrow.
 Good store of good Claret supplies e'ry thing,
 And the Man that is drunk, is as great as a King.

Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,
 But take a full Dose of the Juyce of the Vine.
 Diseases and Troubles are ne're to be found,
 But in the damn'd Place where the Glas goes not round.

The CHALLENGE: A SONG.

DO, silly *Cupid*, try again,
 Thou spend'st thy Arrows all in vain;
 For help unto thy Mother call:
 Thy feeble Bow, and feebler Arms,
 With all thy little Female Charms,
 Wound not, nor move my Heart at all.

Let the *Platonick* take delight
 In blooming Red, or snowie White;
 Or fancy Darts in Womens Eyes:
 Let him a handsome Face adore,
 And say his Prayers to a Whore;
 I'll scorn what he does Idolize.

Then, Haughty *Madams*, lay aside
 Your Distance, Peevishness, and Pride;
 We lend the Scepter you do sway:
 And though you proudly domineer,
 While Virgins; yet it will appear,
 When marry'd once, you must Obey.

G R A T I T U D E.

Sung to the KING on His Birth-Day.

1672.

I.

When from his Throne the *Persian* God displaies,
 Upon the Frozen World, his welcom Rays,
 And does, with his auspicious Heat, displace
 The sad Effects of Winter's cold Embrace;
 The grateful Earth her kind Reliever greets
 With all her Wealth, her Beauty, and her Sweets,
 And does, each Night, his tedious absence mourn,
 Laying her Glories up till his Return.

2.

The Watry Gods do, from their new-thaw'd Streams,
 With moist'ning Vapours meet his thirsty Beams:
 All things in Nature gladly seem to pay
 A grateful Tribute, in their several way.
 Then may Great *CÆSAR*, whom just Heav'n by Birth
 And Merit has Proclaim'd *A God on Earth*,
 To whom his proudest Foe for Pity bows,
 Pardon my Errors, and accept my Vows.

3. Your

3.
 Your Gracious Bounty was the Eastern Star
 That led me from the depth of sad Despair.
 May Heav'n each flying Hour your Wealth restore !
 And may You Reign till Time it self's no more !
 Your Smiles enrich me, and are sweeter far,
 Than Lovers think the Smiles of Beauty are ;
 Beauty, that pow'rful Queen of Gods, and Men,
 The sweetest Subject of the Thoughts, or Pen.

4.
 May Your enlarged Empire's Bounds be known
 But by the Center, and all-seeing Sun !
 May each succeeding Minute swiftly bring
 A thousand Blessings on its nimble Wing !
 Beneath Your Feet may all Your Foes attend !
 May all Your Wishes in Fruition end !
 May all Your Subjects in my Wishes joyn,
 And serve You with more Pow'r, but Hearts like
 [mine !]

Love in an Unequal State.

What swelling Thoughts have I ? Nature's unkind,
 To place, in such a Body, such a Mind.
 Why did she thus instruct me to adore
 One that's so Great, since I deserve no more ?

How

How shall I dare to shew
 The Passion I do undergo?
 Or, if I do, what Answer shall I gain?
Alas ! (you'll say) Poor silly Swain,
Wou'dst be a King ? First learn to Rule the Plain.

2.

For, if you give me leave my Suit to move,
 'Twill sobbingly come out,——*I'de have you love :*
 Whereas my narrow Heart's too small an Isle
 To entertain the Joys of one poor Smile ;
 And shou'd you kindly speak,
 'Twou'd, like a Bubble, swell, and break :
 And shou'd your Eye dart in a kinder Ray,
 And but one Beam of Love display,
 It wou'd, like Lightning, melt my Soul away.

3.

There is a strange *Dilemma* in my Fate,
 I must not Love, and yet I cannot Hate ;
 I shall, in either Passion, give Offence ;
 The one is Sin, the other Impudence :
 Yet I have this way found
 T' allay the torment of my Wound ;
 Since my too sawcy Passion you neglect,
 I'll find out one whom you affect,
 And so, by Proxy, pay you my Respect.

Advice to Clelia.

1.

A H, *Clelia*, forbear to insult any more, [adore ;
 Lest you teach me to slight, whom you taught to
 For you'll lose your Design, shou'd your peevish Disdain
 Recover a Heart which your Beauty has slain ;
 You'll confess that your Art has your Nature beguil'd,
 When you heal, with a Frown, all the Wounds you
 [have smil'd.

2.

The Flames which your Kindness at first did create,
 Need now no Incentives of Anger, or Hate ;
 For I find that my Heart does more readily Bow
 To the Darts of your Eye, than the storms of your Brow:
 And while I see nothing but Terrors of Hell,
 I learn but the way to Despair, and Rebell.

3.

Then, *Clelia*, to compass the Fate you've design'd,
 If you cannot be Just, do but seem to be Kind ;
 For the best, and the certainest way to be cruel,
 Is to heighten my Flame, by encreasing the Fuel ;
 And when you perceive 'tis sufficiently blown,
 Withdraw but your self, I shall perish alone.

H

A

A R A N T against M A R R I A G E.

HE that Marries a Girl that's Fair,
 Though he be Horn'd, he need not despair,
 As long as his Cuckolding Wife takes care
 By damning her self, to save him.
 But he that has Wedded an ugly Whore,
 Runs every day in the Devil's Score;
 He has one Hell on Earth, and another in store;
 Old *Nich'las* will certainly have him.

For, in truth, all that are Marry'd, are bubbl'd,
 When Batchelors have their Advantage doubl'd;
 For they have the Pleasure, and never are troubl'd
 With a Wife, or a Child, to care for:
 And when with Sorrow their Hearts are sunk,
 They may go to the Tavern, and be drunk,
 And never be dogg'd by a Bitcherly Punk,
 To ask them why, or wherefore.

A DIALOGUE between Infortunio, Time, and Death.

Made to be Sung at the Academy in St. Bartholomew-Lane.

Inf. **O** *Time* ! thy Wings are wet, thy Feet are Lead.
O cruel *Death* ! shew thy relieving Head.

Time. Who's he that calls, to stop my winged Course ?

Death. What hardy Mortal challenges my Force ?

Art thou not in a Sweat, now I appear ?

Inf. O no : Pray' *Time* sit down ; pray' *Death* draw near :

I have a small Request to beg. *Dea.* Say on ;

Speak boldly. *Ti.* And speak quickly, or I'm gone.

Inf. I lov'd a Lady once—— *Ti.* Fond Man, I vow

I cannot stay to hear Love-stories now.

Dea. Fool that thou art, to trouble me in vain :

Let the same Dart that hurt thee, ease thy Pain.

Inf. Inexorable, cruel, and unkind !

Will neither *Time* nor *Death* release my Mind ?

Must I yet live more Days ? *Ti.* Encrease thy Tears ;

I reckon not thy Life by Days, but Years.

Inf. This Dagger, sure, some Comfort will afford.

Ti. Thou canst do nothing, till I say the Word.

And thou, that for *Clarissa* now woud'st die,

Shalt live so long, to hate her Memory.

Inf. Thou ly'st, false Tongue, thou ly'st ; and henceforth
 None live in pain, but those that will do so. [know,
Dea. Hold, hold thy Hand. *Inf.* No, you shall see, too
 The Valiant their own Happiness create. [late,
 Thus, thus I go ; and thus, injurious Slaves,
 I'll triumph over you at Lovers Graves.

C H O R U S.

*Then must we together yield,
 While Constant Lovers win the Field :
 They that faithful are till death,
 Conquer at their latest Breath ;
 And, though their Bodies be disjoyn'd,
 Their Souls a greater Bliss will find ;
 Bliss Eternal, when they come
 To Marry in Elizium.*

A Mournful Song.

OH ! the sad Day,
 When Friends shall shake their Heads, and say,
 Of miserable me,
*Hark how he groans, look how he pants for Breath,
 See how he struggles with the Pangs of Death :*
 When they shall say of these dear Eyes,
 How hollow and how dim they be !

*Mark how his Breast does swell and rise
Against his Potent Enemy :*

When some old Friend shall step to my Bed-side,
Touch my chill Face, and thence shall gently slide ;
And when his next Companions say,
How does he do ? What hope ? Shall turn away,
Answering onely with a lift-up Hand,
Who, who can his Fate withstand !
Then shall a Gasp or two do more
Than all my Rhet'rique cou'd before,
Perswade the World to trouble me no more.

A S O N G.

THe Nymph that undoes me, is Fair, and Unkind ;
No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd :
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth. from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose.
Love, and Destiny both attend on her Will ;
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover must hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess :

In *Sylvia* they meet ; so unhappy am I :
 Who sees her, must love her ; who loves her, must die.

A SONG.

C Hear up, my Mates ; the Wind does fairly blow :
 Clap on more Sail, and never spare :
 Farewel, all Laps ; for now we are
 In the wide Sea of Drink ;
 And merrily, merrily, merrily we go.
 Bless me ! 'tis hot : Another Bowl of Wine,
 And we shall cut the Burning Line.
 Hey Boys ! she scuds away :
 And by my Head, I know,
 We round the World are Sailing now.
 What dull Men are those that tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam,
 And gain such Experience, and spie too
 Such Countries and Wonders as I do ?
 But prethee, good Pilot,
 Take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at *Pern* :
 With Gold there the Vessel we'll store,
 And never, never be poor ;
 No, never be poor any more.

*A SONG at the DUKE'S-HOUSE, in the
Citizen turn'd Gentleman.*

I Languish all Night,
And sigh all the Day,
And much to be pity'd I am :
E're since your bright Eyes
My Heart did surprize,
I could not extinguish the Flame.
But since you have known
My Heart was your own,
Though before you were kind,
Now cruel y'are grown.
If so cruel you prove
To the Man that does Love,
Ah, *Phillis* ! what Fate,
Alas ! is reserv'd
For the Wretch that you Hate.

*A DIALOGUE between Sorrow, and One
Afflicted.*

Affl. **O** Sorrow, Sorrow, say, where dost thou dwell ?
Sor. In the lowest Room of Hell.

Affl. Art thou born of Humane Race?

Sor. No, no, I have a Furial Face.

Affl. Art thou of City, Town, or Court?

Sor. I to ev'ry Place resort.

Affl. Why, O why

Into the World was *Sorrow* sent?

Sor. Men afflicted best Repent.

Affl. What dost thou feed on?

Sor. Broken Sleep.

Affl. What tak'st thou pleasure in?

Sor. To weep.

To sob, to pine, to groan,

To wring my Hands, and sit alone.

Affl. When, O when shall *Sorrow* quiet have?

Sor. Never, never, never,

Never till she find a Grave.

ENJOYMENT.

A SONG at the KING'S HOUSE.

SO closely, closely prest
In his *Clymena's* Arms young *Damon* lay,
Panting, in that Transport soe o're-blest,
He seem'd just ready, just to die away.

Clymena

Clymena beheld him with amorous Eyes,
 And thus, betwixt Sighing and Kissing, she cries,
Oh, make not such haste to be gone :
'Tis too much unkind,
Whilst I stay behind,
For you to be dying alone.

This made the Youth, now drawing to his end,
 The happy Moment of his Death suspend :
 But with so great a pain
 His Soul he did retain,
 That with himself he seem'd at strife,
 Whether to let our Love, or keep in Life.
 Then she, who already was hastening to death,
 Said softly, and trembling, and all out of breath,
O now, my Love, now let us go ;
Die with me, Damon, now ; for I die too.
 Thus dy'd they ; but 'twas of so sweet a death,
 That so to die again, they took new Breath.

A SONG.

I.

YOU Powers that guard Love's pleasant Throne,
 And guide our Passions by your own,
 Send down, send down that Golden Dart
 That makes two Lovers wear one Heart.

2. Sol:

2.

Sollicite *Venus* that her Doves,
Which through their Bills translate their Loves,
May teach my tender Love, and I,
To Kifs into a Sympathy.

3.

Pray *Cupid*, if it be no Sin
'Gainst Nature, for to make a Twin
Of our two Souls, that th' others Eyes
May see Death cozen'd, when one dies.

4.

If, O ye Powers, you can implore
Thus much from Love, know from your store
Two amorous Turtles shall be freed,
Which yearly on your Altar bleed.

An HYMENEAL to my Dear Friend
Mr. P. H.

Live (Jolly Youth) live ever, and possess
More than a World of real Happiness.
The Eastern Victor, *Hercules*, nor *Drake*,
E're saw the Wealth of which thou dost partake:

Thy

Thy wandering Eye, and unconfin'd Hand,
 Shall find out a most pleasant, unknown Land;
 Where, in thy easie Travels, thou shalt know
 No *Alps*, but those of soft, and warmer Snow;
 Beneath whose Brow a fruitful Valley lies,
 That yields to fading Pleasure fresh Supplies:
 Thy fainting Spirits there shall find recruit,
 From various, pleasant, unforbidden Fruit;
 Passing the Night in peaceful Slumbers, where
 Danger and Sorrow happy Strangers are.
 Thy modest Bride no longer can with-hold
 Her Precious Stones, and her Refined Gold:
 But as y've seen the bashful Damask-Rose,
 She all her Sweets will with a Blush disclose;
 Which, while the dark and friendly Night conceals,
 The flowing Blood into its Channel steals.

Thus, in each other blest, you shall enjoy
 Pleasure enough to fill, but not to cloy:
 While we, who love so oft, so long in vain,
 Or of our Stars, or Mistresses complain,
 And learn your endless Pleasure to admire,
 Which we can never hope for, nor desire.

Inequality of Fortune.

Choris, how long, how long, indeed !
 Did I my pamper'd Fancy feed,
 With hopes of such an happy State,
 As all Mens Envy might create ?
 How often has your rip'ned Love,
 For Greatness, and Precedence strove ?
 Who then has taught you to disown
 The Flames you have so lately blown ?

Let not Increase of Wealth invade
 The Solemn Vows your Love has made :
 Nor let divided Happiness,
 Grown great in you, in me grow less :
 For though old Misers think it fit
 Cupid to Pluto shou'd submit,
 Lovers shou'd know no other Gage,
 But Parity in Love and Age.

LOVERS

LOVERS their own TORMENTORS.

For the Academy in St. Bartholomew-Lane.

AY me! What a sad Fate
We hapless Lovers to our selves create!
Instructing ev'ry flying Hour
How to torment, by giving it the Power!
We willing Pris'ners are become,
And yet complain of Martyrdom,
Talking of Torments not to be endur'd;
And yet have fondly got the Trick
Of being Sick
On purpose to be Cur'd.

CHORUS.

*Then let us be just, and let us be wiser;
If our Mistress be coy, we shou'd learn to despise her:
'Tis a folly to burn,
When we find no Return;
'Tis childish to cry,
And a madness to die:*

*Then let us be just, and let us be wiser;
If our Mistress be coy, we shou'd learn to despise her.*

Vainly,

Vainly w' expose our selves
 To Seas, to Storms, to Rocks, and Shelves ;
 Yet guiltless Women bear the blame,
 As if from them a Lovets Shipwrack came.
 Whereas, alas ! there's none but knows
 By what degrees his Passion grows,
 And can with Absence, whensoe'er he please,
 Stifle the young and glowing Fire
 Of his Desire,
 And cure his own Disease.

CHORUS.

*Then let us be just, and let us be wiser ;
 If our Mistress be coy, we shou'd learn to despise her :
 'Tis a folly to burn,
 When we find no Return ;
 'Tis childish to cry,
 And a madness to die :
 Then let us be just, and let us be wiser ;
 If our Mistress be coy, we shou'd learn to despise her.*

The Unhappy Shepherd.

Among the Willows pensivè *Damon* sat,
 Wildly lamenting his unhappy Fate,
 Complaining

Complaining to the deaf regardless Air,
 That his *Aminda* was less kind than fair;
 Yet oft invoking her beloved Name,
 And making Sighs the Bellows to his Flame:
 When loe, she, guided by an unknown Power,
 Came to repose her in a neighb'ring Bower.
 No sooner had she check'd each wand'ring Thought,
 But to her Ear some busie Echo brought
 Her own repeated Name: She wondred whence
 Came the Complaint, or what was the Offence;
 Till, in a shriller Note, she heard one cry,
Witness, ye Gods, I for Aminda die.
 In haste she rose, and guided by the sound,
 Her Eyes a sad and dreadful Object found:
 For loe, the Shepherd, by Despair oppress'd,
 Had sheath'd a Dagger in his tortur'd Breast.
 Straitway she ran, and all Assistance lent,
 Compassion or Affection could invent;
 But all too little to recall his Fate,
 Alas! her Love and Pity came too late:
 At length she cry'd, *Damon, I've done thee wrong;*
 And thus express'd her Sorrow in a Song.

AMINDA'S SONG.

How strangely severe and unkind are we grown!
 For we punish in All, the Offences of One.

While

While dissembling *Anyntas* a Passion did fain,
 I suffer'd poor *Damon* to love me in vain,
 And gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore,
 Than to him who did faithfully love and adore.

2.

Then how is it just, O ye Powers Divine !
 That *Damon* shou'd die, when the Error was mine ?
 Yet pardon me once ; and if ever again
 I am deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain,
 Then let me not prosper in what I've begun,
 But die in Despair, as my *Damon* has done.

FRAILTY of BEAUTY.

A SONG.

AS Poor *Aurelia* fate alone
 Hard by a Rivers Flowry Side,
 Envious at Nature's new-born Pride,
 Her slighted self thus she reflected on.

Alas ! that Nature shou'd revive
 These Flow'rs which after Winter's Snow
 Spring fresh again, and brisker shew,
 And for our Brighter Sex so ill contrive !

Beauty

Beauty (like them) a short-liv'd thing,
 On us in vain she did bestow:
 Beauty, that onely once can grow,
 An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.

A SONG.

AH! fading Joy!
 How quickly art thou past!
 Yet we thy Ruine haste:
 And what too soon would die, help to destroy.
 As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
 We seek out new,
 And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue.
 In vain does Natures bounteous Hand supply
 What peevish Mortals to themselves deny.
 See how on every Bough the Birds expreis,
 In their wild Notes, their Happiness:
 Not anxious how to get, or spare,
 They on their Mother Nature lay their care.
 Why then shou'd Man, the Lord of all below,
 Such Troubles chuse to know,
 As none of all his Subjects undergo?

I

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Hark, hark ! The Waters fall,
And with a murm'ring sound
Dash, dash upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.*

A SONG.

AS Freezing Fountains, when the Sun
Goes off, their Streams with-hold,
And to their own Embraces run,
Till all congeal'd with Cold :
Or as a hopeless drooping Flower
For Day departed grieves,
Possess'd of nothing but a Shower
Of Tears upon her Leaves :
Such am I in your absence left,
So like these Mourners show,
That Brooks and Flow'rs of Day bereft,
Are Pictures of my Woe.

A SONG in Love in a Wood.

A Wife I do hate ;
For either she's False, or she's Jealous :
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask us, or tell us :
She stands on no Terms,
Nor Chaffers, by way of Indenture,
Her Love for your Farms ;
But takes the kind Man at a venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process, or Warning,
From Wife, for a Night,
You may be Divorc'd the next Morning.
When Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats cannot be any other :
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

The ANSWER.

A Wife I adore,
If either she's Constant, or Civil :
But a Pox on a Whore !
She's Company fit for the Devil :
On Terms she will stand,
'And will not permit you to enter
Without Money in Hand,
But pretend she's unwilling to venture.

If she has a Clap,
She'l be Pox't e're she'l give a Man warning,
So that after a Nap,
He may ride on his Nag the next Morning.
When Parents are sickly,
Their Children can never be other :
They always die quickly
Who have such a Punk to their Mother.

Vanity of Worldly Happiness.

HOW eager are our vain Pursuits
Of Pleasure, and of Worldly Joys:
And yet how empty are the Fruits?

How full of Trouble, Grief, and Noise?
We to our Ancestors new Follies add,
Proving our selves less Happy, and more Mad.

What but a Tempest is the World?
Wherein this Barque of ours is tost?
Which, by Ambition wildly hurl'd,
Is split against a Rock, and lost?
The safer Vulgar this with wonder see,
And from our Ruine learn Humility.

With costly Silks we do adorn
These stalking Pageants, made of Clay;
Whose very Flow'rs, while they are worn,
But Emblems are of our Decay.
Batter'd by Sicknes, or inflam'd by Lust,
Or undermin'd by Time, we fall to Dust.

*The PENITENT.**Sung at the Academy in St. Bartholomew-lane.*

Forgive me, *Fove*;
 Or, if there be a kinder God above,
 Forgive a Rebel to the Pow'r of Love.
 Hear me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow;
 Mine, who devoutly to thine Altar bow:

Oh! hear me now.

Dorinda, hear; and what I've done amiss
 Pardon, and seal that Pardon with a Kiss.

Stay! methinks the melting Saint
 Kindly Echo's my Complaint:

Look! I fancy I descry

Pity dropping from her Eye:

Hark! she says, *Philander*, live;

All thy Errors I forgive.

And now, ay me! to repent I begin,
 That against so much Goodness I ever shou'd sin:

But never again, Oh! never will I

Offend my *Dorinda*; far sooner I'll die.

*A SONG in Commendation of an Annual
MUSICK-MEETING.*

HOW well does this Harmonious Meeting prove;
A Feast of Musick is a Feast of Love!
 Where Kindness is in Tune, and we in Parts
 Do but sing forth the Consort of our Hearts:
 For Friendship is nothing but Concord of Votes,
 And Musick is made by a Friendship of Notes.

C H O R U S.

*Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff;
 For he once a Year is reputed to Laugh.*

So then this Annual Gladness was design'd
 To keep us Musical, and keep us kind.
 No hard Thoughts or harsh Words must enter here;
 This Day we chiefly reverence the Ear.
 And surely all Quarrels ought justly to cease,
 Where *Discord* her self's the Composer of Peace.

C H O R U S.

*Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff;
 For he once a Year is reputed to Laugh.*

Musick can all the rudest Passions charm,
 Can cure Diseases, and defend from Harm;
 A Blessing which from Heaven we did receive,
 To counter any Chance might make us grieve;
 Whereby we still shew, whatever hangs o're us,
 Our Minds are in *Chord*, and our Souls in a *Chorus*.

C H O R U S.

*Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff;
 For he once a Year is reputed to Laugh.*

*A DIALOGUE between Strephon, Amyntas,
 and Sylvia.*

Made for the Academy in St. Bartholomew-Lane.

Str. **A**H, *Sylvia!* your Beauty, when mix't with disdain,
 Compels me to love you, though ever in vain:
 Yet the Joy of your Smiles there's none can endure;
 And the Hurt of your frowns, what Flesh can endure!
 How certain a Fate your Lover will find,
 When 'tis equally Death, to be cruel, or kind!

C H O R U S.

*What a Riddle is Love, if thought on aright?
 'Tis Mirth mix't with Sorrow, and Pain with Delight:
 'Tis*

'Tis a pleasant Disease, and a delicate Smart ;
 At once the Vexation, and Joy of the Heart.
 Yet we must love while we have Breath ;
 For not to love, is worse than Death.

Amynt. Oh, *Strephon* ! how kind are thy Stars and thy
 Since *Sylvia* does sometimes her Rigor abate ! [Fate,
 I have faithfully serv'd my *Aminda* a while,
 And ne're cou'd experience the Joy of a Smile :
 Yet still I must love, though I never do find
Amyntas more blest, or *Aminda* more kind.

CHOR. *What a Riddle, &c.*

Syl. Fie, Shepherds, you wrong us ; the Fault is your own :
 Too well to our Sex your Unconstancy's known :
 Your selves are the Authors of what you complain ;
 For while you dissemble, we learn to disdain.
 But if Love be a Torment to you that reveal it,
 Pray' what is't to us, that are bound to conceal it !

CHORUS.

What a Riddle is Love, if thought on aright ?
'Tis Mirth mix't with Sorrow, and Pain with Delight :
'Tis a pleasant Disease, and a delicate Smart,
At once the Vexation, and Joy of the Heart.
Yet we must love while we have Breath.
For not to love, is worse than Death.

*A SONG at the DUKE's HOUSE, in the
Fatal Jealousie.*

1.

A *H Choridon*, in vain you boast
You still do *Cloris* love ;
For better 'tis your Heart were lost,
Than thus suspicious prove :
You then wou'd kill me by Disdain ;
But dying thus, you blot my Name :
For all will say,
Cloris was false, and went astray ;
Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.

2.

For Happy Shepherd, well you know,
Your Fame does mine excel ;
All gen'rous *Choridon* do know,
But none my Tale can tell :
Cloris, though true, must lose that Name ;
But *Choridon* will keep his Fame ;
For all will say,
Cloris was false, and went astray ;
Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.

3. But

But, Cruel Shepherd, when you hear
 That I am dead indeed,
 I do believe you'll shed a Tear,
 Though now you have decreed,
 That *Cloris* true, must lose that Name,
 For *Choridon* to keep his Fame:
 And then you'll say,
Cloris was true, and ne're did stray;
Cloris was true, and I deserve the shame.

A SONG in The Fatal Jealousie.

Some happy Soul, come down, and tell
 What Joys are those with you do dwell:
 If it be Happiness, like ours below,
 Which from our want of Ill does onely flow,
 Then, then 'tis plain, that mighty Theme
 Of Immortality, is but a Dream.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love; for nothing can
 Give real Happiness to Man,
 But Joys like those that Lovers Souls enjoy,
 Which, here on Earth, there's nothing can destroy.
 I, I, 'tis Love can onely be
 The happy Soul's endless Felicity.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S MARTYR.

A *Alexis*, instead of a Tear and a Kiss,
 Wou'd yesterday Hector me out of a Bliss;
 He vow'd, if his *Cloris* he might not enjoy,
 Himself, in revenge, wou'd *Alexis* destroy.
 I smil'd at his Passion, and, in the next Grove,
 I bade him go expiate this Sin of his Love.
 Tho' he blush'd first, and started; yet kissing my Hand,
 Like Light'ning he flew to obey my Command.

*But I, for his sake, will never again
 Make Wounds that admit a self-cure to their Pain.
 But I, for, &c.*

I trac'd his warm Steps; indeed I was loth
 The pettish young Shepherd shou'd keep his rash Oath:
 I follow'd him, till my *Alexis* I found
 A gasping for Breath upon the cold Ground:
 Like Winter's bright Ornament, thawing away,
 So fair and so beautifully dying he lay;
 For I easily saw, by his trembling, and starting,
 And quickness of breathing, my Love was departing.

*With that I cry'd out, I will never again
 Make Wounds that admit a self-cure to their Pain.
 With that I cry'd out, &c.*

When

When I in this desperate Fit did him view,
 It soft'ned me so, methought I cou'd die too:
 But e're I cou'd hasten to him through the Bushes,
 My succouring Flame b'ing o're-aw'd by my Blushes,
 Truſtled i'th' Myrtles, as who wou'd have ſaid;
Behold here an equally Languishing Maid.

But all was in vain, for, alas! I did find
 That *Cupid* is deaf too, as well as he's blind.

*I ſate down and wept, to ſee the fond Swain
 Too far on his way, to be call'd back again.
 I ſate down and wept, &c.*

By this time his Spirits and Sight were ſo fail'ng,
 My penitent Tears were nothing availing;
 I purpoſ'd to quit my Life, though not my Shame,
 When at his laſt breath he call'd out on my Name:
Ah, Cloris! though dying, yet ſmiling, he ſaid,
Thy Forces come now too late to my Aid.
 For juſt as he ſpy'd me, like Snow at the Sun,
 He melted away——The Youth's Buſineſs was done.

*But I, for his ſake, will never again
 Make Wounds that admit a ſelf-cure to their Pain.
 But I, for, &c.*

Sung in Three Parts.

At the Academy in St. Bartholomew-lane.

A *Mintor*, ah ! thou faithless Swain,
Thus to requite me with Disdain !
To cheat a poor Shepherdess into Belief ;
And leaving me big with Dishonour and Grief,
To scorn me, to scorn me, and laugh at my Pain !
To love me a while, and scorn me again !

I must confess, I was betray'd
By all the Solemn Vows you made :
Yet do not insult ; for it may be your turn
To meet with Disdain, when you really burn.
If this be, if this be your Fate, you'll allow
Your Punishment's just, for breaking your Vow.

*A DIALOGUE between two NYMPHS and a
SHEPHERD.*

Sung at the DUKE's HOUSE.

1 NYMPH.

A Heart in Love's Empire, though jocund and blith,
From Cares and from Fears can never be free:
'Tis said, that with Pleasure we languish and sigh;
But for all can be urg'd, there's nothing can be
So pleasant, so pleasant as our Liberty.

2 NYMPH.

None are more happy, and none are more blest,
Than whom Love doth inspire
With his gentle soft Fire,
When both of 'um wish, and neither can rest:
How pleasant's their Panting! how sweet their Desire!
Love is a Blessing, though counted a Pain;
For take away Love, and no Pleasures remain.

SHEPHERD.

To submit to Love's Laws, ah! how sweet it wou'd be;
If in Love we cou'd Fidelity see!

But,

But, O Rigour extreme ! O Fate too unkind !
 A Shepherdes faithful no Man can find :
 For this faithless Sex so unfaithful does prove,
 They ought not to Live, or ought not to Love.

C H O R U S.

*Let's permit the soft Fire
 To enflame our Desire :
 Ah ! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love,
 When two Hearts faithful do prove !
 Ah ! how pleasant, &c.*

LOVE's Opportunity neglected.

A S O N G.

OH ! the time that is past,
 When she held me so fast,
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer cou'd last !
 No Light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,
 To prevent all Excuses of Blushing, and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
 With such trembling, and haste,
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd !
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd, [ploy'd.
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure em-
 With

With my Heart all on Fire
 In the Flames of Desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
 She cry'd, *Oh! for Pity's sake change your ill Mind,*
Pray Amyntas be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliss you destroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
Let's in, my dear Cloris, I'll save thee from harm,
And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amyntas! she cries;
 Then she cast down her Eyes,
 And with Kisses confess what she faintly denies.
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
 For her Passion was done:
 Now Amyntas, she cry'd, *I will never be won;*
Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

A SONG.

Made for the ACADEMY in St. Bartholomew-Lane.

A Wake, Harmonious Lute, and teach the Earth
To envy and admire our happy Mirth :
Our joyful Souls shall here no Quarrels know,
But such as shall from Peaceful Discords flow.

CHORUS.

*Then our Hearts let's unite, and our Voices let's joyn ;
For Beauty and Concord promote the Design.*

Apollo's chearful Beams no room allow
For pining Sorrow, or a clouded Brow :
Here Mirth is onely full of Innocence,
To please the Soul, and ravish ev'ry Sense.

CHORUS.

*Then our Heart's let's unite, and our Voices let's joyn ;
Since Beauty and Concord promote the Design.*

The Eye and Ear do pleasant Rivals prove,
 And both become Embassadors of Love;
 Doubtful whose Object best deserves the Place,
 Since Beauty's but the Musick of a Face.

CHORUS.

*Then our Hearts we'l unite, and our Voices we'l joyn;
 For Beauty and Concord promote the Design.*

A SONG.

WHen (Cruel Fair!) thy scornful Tongue
 Proclaims Destruction, right or wrong;
 Raging, and mad, I then defie
 Thee, and thy damn'd Impiety.
 But when within thy kinder Eye
 I read all true Divinity,
 Religion bids me not to fear,
 Goodness and Mercy must be there.

*Never did Art or Nature frame
 Such Contradictions in a Dame.
 Never did Art, &c.*

D I A L O G U E.

*Thirsis.**Dorinda.*

Dor. **W**Hen Death shall snatch us from these Kids,
 And shut up our divided Lids,
 Tell me, *Thirsis*, prethee do,
 Whither thou and I shall go.

Thir. To *Elizium*.

Dor. Oh! where is't?

Thir. A Chaste Soul can never miss't.

Dor. I know no way but one, our Home;
 Is our Cell *Elizium*?

Thir. Turn thine Eye to yonder Sky,
 There the Milkie Way doth lie;
 'Tis a sure, but rugged Way,
 That leads to Everlasting day.

Dor. There Birds may Nest, but how can I,
 That have no Wings, and cannot fly?

Thir. Do not sigh, Fair Nymph; for Fire
 Has no Wings, yet does aspire,
 Till it hit against the Pole:
Heav'n's the Center of the Soul.

Dor. But in *Elizium*, how do they
 Pass Eternity away?

Thir. Oh!

Thir. Oh ! there's neither Hope, nor Fear ;
 There is no Wolf, nor Fox, nor Bear ;
 No need o' Dog, to fetch our Stray ;
 Our *Light-foot* we may give away :
 No Oat-Pipe's needful there, thy Ears
 May sleep with Musique of the Spheres.

Dor. O sweet ! How I my Future State
 By silent thinking, antedate !
 Prethee let's spend our Time to come
 In talking of *Elizium*.

Thir. Then I'll go on.—There Sheep are full
 Of sweetest Grass, and softest Wooll ;
 There Birds sing Conforts, Garlands grow,
 Cool Winds do whisper, Springs do flow ;
 There always is a Rising Sun,
 And Day is ever but begun ;
 Shepherds there bear equal sway,
 And ev'ry Nymph's a Queen of May.

Dor. Ay me ! Ay me !

Thir. *Dorinda*, why dost weep ?

Dor. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain wou'd die :
 Convince me now that this is true,
 By bidding, with me, all *Adieu*.

Thir. I cannot live without thee ; I
 Wou'd for thee, much more with thee die.

CHORUS.

*Then let us give Corilla charge o' th' Sheep ;
 And thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep*

*In Wine, and drink on't even till we weep;
So shall we smoothly pass away in Sleep.*

The Lost Heart.

A SONG at the Academy in St. Bartholomew-Lane.

ONce by this Fountain as I lay,
I saw a hundred Queens of May;
Each had her own peculiar Grace,
And all put on a smiling Face:
Beauty there you need not seek,
It dwelt on ev'ry Lip and Check.

*Bless me! said I, sure now I'm come
To Love's long-wish'd Elizium.*

Thus while I fed my greedy Eyes
With pleasant new Varieties,
The Dancing Nymphs soon led astray,
And forc'd my Heart to lose his Way.
If any Shepherdess can tell
Where this wand'ring Guest does dwell,
I'll never of my Loss complain,
E'en let her take it for her pain.

The STORM.

HArk ! Hark ! The Storm grows lowd ;
 The Day's wrap'd up in a sullen Cloud.

Hark ! Hark ! The Tempest rings
 The Sea-man's Dirge, and flings
 The tost-up Waves to fatal Shores :
 And those that never Pray'd before,
 Call now upon some unknown Power.

Hark ! Hark ! The Tacklings juttle,
 The Sea-men bustle.

Crack ! Crack ! Down goes the Main-Mast,
 Down ! Down ! Down !

Hark how they groan !
 Hark ! Hark ! Among the rest
 I hear some Sighs like mine ;

'Tis from a Lover sure : Ye Powers Divine,
 Pity a Lovers Woe,

And let kind *Neptune* now his Trident shew.

See ! It grows Calm, the Storms now cease,
 And all the Ocean's Face wears Smiles of Peace.

A LETTER sent by a TURTLE.

GO, Bird of *Venus* ! Go, thrice happy Dove !
 Be thou a Faithful Messenger of Love :
 Hasten through the yielding Air, and never rest,
 Till thou art lodg'd in fair *Fidelia's* Breast.
 Set footing safely in that Peaceful Ark,
 To which her Eye shall guide thee through the Dark :
 So safe a Convoy, and so bright a Guide,
 Will save thee from the Tempest and the Tide.
 Thus shall thy Flight be doubly fortunate,
 Above the danger of *Leander's* Fate.
 As soon as thou, with wearied Wings, art come
 To my *Fidelia's*, and thy long-wish'd home,
 Stay at her Window, till approaching Day,
 Or her bright Presence chase the Night away ;
 Then patiently expect an happy Hour,
 Till she admit my kind Embassadour :
 She may, perhaps, learn from thy Innocence,
 To pity me, and pardon my Offence.
 Howe're, let me be of my Fate assur'd :
Suspense in Love is not to be endur'd.

If Tempests in her clouded Brow arise,
 And nought appear but Lightning in her Eyes ;

If

If thy unwelcom Message shou'd provoke
 The angry Goddess to a fatal Stroke,
 Fly thence, my pretty Innocence, lest thou
 Receive the dismal Fury of her Brow.

As a tall Cedar, that submits at length
 To the enraged Winds conspiring strength,
 In her deserved Fall, perhaps may crush
 The guileless, plyant, and submissive Rush :
 So may the harmless Turtle feel the Blow,
 Only my insolence is fit to know.

But, Happy Bird ! if through her Veil of Lawn
 Thou shou'dst perceive one Glance of Pity dawn ;
 Shou'd there in her serener Brow appear
 A Cloud dispell'd, and dropping in a Tear,
 Haste with thy News, and let *Philander* see
 That what he has from her, he owes to thee.
 And that I may thy Faithfulness requite,
 Thou shall be my *Fidelia's* Favorite :

And, when thy Fairer Mistress is Interr'd,
 To *Venus'* Chariot thou shalt be preferr'd.

*A SONG, Directed to the Company of Ladies at the
Academy in St. Bartholomew-lane.*

WHat shall we do ?
 When our Eyes are surrounded
 With Beauties like you,
 Our Hearts must be wounded.
 If we fly from the War,
 Your Darts do o'rtake us ;
 And if we stay there,
 Your Captives you make us.
 Engaging, or flying, w're sure to be slain :
 'Then who is so mad, such a Fight to maintain !

 And yet, Oh ! how sweet
 Are the Wounds of your Glances !
 Then nobly we'll meet,
 Though we fall by your Lances :
 When your Smiles do evince
 That our Death will be pleasant,
 Better die like a Prince,
 Than live like a Peasant.
 If engaging, or flying, we are certain to die,
 'Tis Courage to Fight, and a Folly to Fly.

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